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To Miss Edgeworth
with the author's
respects

THE MISSIONARY;

A Poem.

BY W. L. BOWLES.

Amor patriæ ratione potentior omni.

SECOND EDITION,

CORRECTED AND ENLARGED.

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DEDICATION.

TO

THE MOST NOBLE

HENRY, MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE,

&c. &c.

MY DEAR LORD,

When this poem appeared without a name, your Lordship was the first among those, who favored it with approbation.

Such testimony, and that of others, whose praise I might well be proud of, will be a consolation to me, should it, now my name is avowed, have to encounter severer criticism; and in truth, flattering as its reception has been, I am not unconscious

how many things are wanting to render it worthy of your Lordship's sanction, and the public eye.

But, whatever may be its fate, if it be gratifying to me to reflect on the testimony of such approbation as it has already received; I hope I may be allowed to say, without vanity, it must be much more so, to have the honour of liberal intercourse in private life with those who are no less illustrious for talent than station, and are at the same time distinguished by every domestic and social virtue.

I have the honour to be,
with unfeigned respect,
your Lordship's most obliged, and
faithful servant,
W. L. BOWLES.

Bremhill, June 5,
1815.

PREFACE.

It is not necessary to relate the causes which induced me to publish this poem without a name.

The favor with which it has been received may make me less diffident in avowing it, and, as a second edition has been generally called for, I have endeavoured to make it, in every respect, less unworthy of the public eye.

I have availed myself of every sensible objection, the most material of which was the circumstance, that the Indian maid, described in the first book, had not a part assigned to her of sufficient interest

in the subsequent events of the poem, and that the character of the Missionary was not sufficiently professional.

The single circumstance that a Spanish commander, with his army in South America, was destroyed by the Indians, in consequence of the treachery of his page, who was a native, and that only a priest was saved, is all that has been taken from history. The rest of this poem, the personages, father, daughter, wife, &c. (with the exception of the names of Indian warriors) is imaginary. The time is two months. The first four books are as many days and nights. The rest of the time is taken up by the Spaniards' march, the assembly of warriors, &c.

The place, where the scene is laid, was selected,

because South America has of late years received additional interest, and because the ground was at once new, poetical, and picturesque.

From *old-fashioned* feelings, perhaps, I have admitted some aerial agents, or what is called machinery. It is true the spirits cannot be said to accelerate or retard the events, but surely they may be allowed to show a sympathy with the fate of those, among whom poetical fancy has given them a prescriptive ideal existence. They may be farther excused, as relieving the narrative, and adding to the imagery.

The causes which induced me to publish this poem without a name, induced me also to attempt it in a versification, to which I have been least accustomed, which, to my ear, is most uncongenial,

and which is, in itself, the most difficult. I mention this, that, if some passages should be found less harmonious, the candour of the reader might pardon them.

Scene.—SOUTH AMERICA.

Characters.—Valdivia, commander of the Spanish armies—Lautaro, his page, a native of Chili—Anselmo, the Missionary—Indiana, his adopted daughter, wife of Lautaro—Zarinel, the wandering minstrel.

Indians.—Attacapac, father of Lautaro—Olola, his daughter, sister of Lautaro—Caupolican, chief of the Indians—Indian Warriors.

The chief event of the poem turns upon the conduct of Lautaro; but as the Missionary acts so distinguished a part, and as the whole of the moral depends upon him, it was thought better to retain the title which was originally given to the poem.

The Missionary.

INTRODUCTION.

When o'er the Atlantic wild, rock'd by the blast,
Sad Lusitania's exil'd Sovereign pass'd,
Reft of her pomp, from her paternal throne
Cast forth, and wand'ring to a clime unknown,
To seek a refuge on that distant shore,
That once her country's legions dyed with gore;—
Sudden, methought, high-tow'ring o'er the flood,
Hesperian world! thy mighty Genius stood;
Where spread, from cape to cape, from bay to bay,
Serenely blue, the vast Pacific lay;

And the huge Cordilleras, to the skies,
With all their burning summits* seem'd to rise.
Then the stern Spirit spoke, and to his voice
The waves and woods replied—"Mountains, rejoice!
" Thou solitary sea, whose billows sweep
" The margin of my forests, dark and deep,
" Rejoice! the hour is come: the mortal blow,
" That smote the golden shrines of Mexico,
" In EUROPE IS AVENG'D! and thou, proud SPAIN,
" Now hostile hosts insult thy own domain;
" Now Fate, vindictive, rolls, with refluent flood,
" Back on thy shores the tide of human blood,
" Think of my murder'd millions! of the cries
" That once I heard from all my kingdoms rise;

* Range of volcanoes on the summits of the Andes.

" Of Famine's feeble plaint, of Slavery's tear;
" Think, too, if Valour, Freedom, Fame, be dear,—
" How my ANTARCTIC sons,* undaunted, stood,
" Exacting groan for groan, and blood for blood;
" And shouted, (may the sounds be hail'd by thee!)
" TYRANTS, THE VIRTUOUS AND THE BRAVE ARE FREE!"

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* The natives of Chili, who were never subdued.

ARGUMENT TO THE FIRST CANTO.

One Day and Part of Night.

VALLEY IN THE ANDES—OLD INDIAN WARRIOR—LOSS OF HIS SON AND DAUGHTER.

The Missionary.

CANTO FIRST.

Beneath aërial cliffs, and glittering snows,
The rush-roof of an aged Warrior rose,
Chief of the mountain tribes: high, overhead,
The Andes, wild and desolate, were spread,
Where cold Sierras shot their icy spires,
And Chillan* trail'd its smoke, and smould'ring fires.

A glen beneath—a lonely spot of rest—
Hung, scarce discover'd, like an eagle's nest.

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* A volcano in Chili.

Summer was in its prime;—the parrot-flocks
Darken'd the passing sunshine on the rocks;
The chrysomel[1] and purple butterfly,[2]
Amid the clear blue light, are wand'ring by;
The humming-bird, along the myrtle bow'rs,
With twinkling wing, is spinning o'er the flow'rs,
The woodpecker is heard with busy bill,
The mock-bird sings—and all beside is still.
And look! the cataract that bursts so high,
As not to mar the deep tranquillity,
The tumult of its dashing fall suspends,
And, stealing drop by drop, in mist descends;
Through whose illumin'd spray and sprinkling dews,
Shine to the adverse sun the broken rainbow hues.

Check'ring, with partial shade, the beams of noon,
And arching the grey rock with wild festoon,
Here, its gay net-work, and fantastic twine,
The purple cogul[3] threads from pine to pine,

And oft, as the fresh airs of morning breathe,
Dips its long tendrils in the stream beneath.
THERE, through the trunks, with moss and lichens, white,
The sunshine darts its interrupted light,
And, 'mid the cedar's darksome boughs, illumes,
With instant touch, the Lori's scarlet plumes.
So smiles the scene;—but can its smiles impart
Aught to console yon mourning Warrior's heart?
He heeds not now, when beautifully bright,
The humming-bird is circling in his sight;
Nor e'en, above his head, when air is still,
Hears the green woodpecker's resounding bill;
But gazing on the rocks and mountains wild,
Rock after rock, in glittering masses pil'd
To the volcano's cone, that shoots so high
Grey smoke whose column stains the cloudless sky,

He cries, " Oh! if thy spirit yet be fled
" To the pale kingdoms of the shadowy dead,—
" In yonder tract of purest light above,
" Dear long-lost object of a father's love,
" Dost thou abide? or like a shadow come,
" Circling the scenes of thy remember'd home,
" And passing with the breeze? or, in the beam
" Of evening, light the desert mountain stream?
" Or at deep midnight are thine accents heard,
" In the sad notes of that melodious bird,[4]
" Which, as we listen with mysterious dread,
" Brings tidings from our friends and fathers dead?
" Perhaps, beyond those summits, far away,
" Thine eyes yet view the living light of day;
" Sad, in the stranger's land, thou may'st sustain
" A weary life of servitude and pain,

" With wasted eye gaze on the orient beam,
" And think of these white rocks and torrent-stream,
" Never to hear the summer cocoa wave,
" Or weep upon thy father's distant grave."

Ye, who have wak'd, and listen'd with a tear,
When cries confus'd, and clangours roll'd more near;
With murmur'd prayer, when Mercy stood aghast,
As War's black trump peal'd its terrific blast,
And o'er the wither'd earth the armed giant pass'd!
Ye, who his track with terror have pursued,
When some delightful land, all blood-imbrued,
He swept; where silent is the champaign wide,
That echoed to the pipe of yester-tide,
Save, when far off, the moonlight hills prolong
The last deep echoes of his parting gong;

Nor aught is seen, in the deserted spot
Where trail'd the smoke of many a peaceful cot,
Save livid corses that unburied lie,
And conflagrations, reeking to the sky;—
COME LISTEN, whilst the CAUSES I relate
That bow'd the Warrior to the storms of fate,
And left these smiling scenes forlorn and desolate.

In other days, when, in his manly pride,
Two children for a father's fondness vied,—
Oft they essay'd, in mimic strife, to wield
His lance, or laughing peep'd behind his shield.
Oft in the sun, or the magnolia's shade,
Lightsome of heart as gay of look, they play'd,
Brother and sister: She, along the dew,
Blithe as the squirrel of the forest flew;
Blue rushes wreath'd her head; her dark brown hair
Fell, gently lifted, on her bosom bare;

Her necklace shone, of sparkling insects made,
That flit, like specks of fire, from sun to shade;
Light was her form; a clasp of silver brac'd
The azure-dyed ichella[5] round her waist;
Her ancles rung with shells, as, unconfin'd,
She danc'd, and sung wild carols to the wind.
With snow-white teeth, and laughter in her eye,—
So, beautiful in youth, she bounded by.

Yet kindness sat upon her aspect bland,—
The tame Alpaca[6] stood and lick'd her hand;
She brought him gather'd moss, and lov'd to deck
With flow'ry twine his tall and stately neck,
Whilst he with silent gratitude replies,
And bends to her caress his large blue eyes.

These children danc'd together in the shade,
Or stretch'd their hands to see the rainbow fade;

Or sat and mock'd, with imitative glee,
The paroquet, that laugh'd from tree to tree;
Or through the forest's wildest solitude,
From glen to glen, the marmozet pursued;
And thought the light of parting day too short,
That call'd them, ling'ring, from their daily sport.

In that fair season of awak'ning life,
When dawning youth and childhood are at strife;
When on the verge of thought gay boyhood stands
Tiptoe, with glist'ning eye and outspread hands;
With airy look, and form and footsteps light,
And glossy locks, and features berry-bright,
And eye like the young eaglet's, to the ray
Of noon, unblenching, as he sails away;
A brede of sea-shells on his bosom strung,
A small stone hatchet o'er his shoulders slung,

With slender lance, and feathers, blue and red,
That, like the heron's[7] crest, wav'd on his head,—
Buoyant with hope, and airiness, and joy,
LAUTARO was the loveliest Indian boy:
Taught by his sire, ev'n now he drew the bow,
Or track'd the jagguar on the morning snow;
Startled the Condor, on the craggy height;
Then silent sat, and mark'd its upward flight,
Lessening in ether to a speck of white.

But when th' impassioned Chieftain spoke of war,
Smote his broad breast, or pointed to a scar,—
Spoke of the strangers of the distant main,
And the proud banners of insulting Spain,—
Of the barb'd horse and iron horseman spoke,
And his red Gods, that wrapt in rolling smoke,—
Roar'd from the guns,—the Boy, with still-drawn breath,
Hung on the wond'rous tale, as mute as death;

Then rais'd his animated eyes, and cried,
" O LET ME PERISH by MY FATHER'S SIDE!"
Once, when the moon, o'er Chillan's cloudless height,
Pour'd, far and wide, its soft and mildest light,
A predatory band of mailed men
Burst on the stillness of the shelter'd glen,
They shouted " Death," and shook their sabres high,
That shone terrific to the moonlight sky:
Where'er they rode, the valley and the hill
Echoed the shrieks of death, till all again was still.
The Warrior, ere he sunk in slumber deep,
Had kiss'd his son, soft-breathing in his sleep,
Where on a Llama's skin he lay, and said,
Placing his hand, with tears, upon his head,
" Aërial nymphs![8] that in the moonlight stray,
" Oh, gentle spirits! here awhile delay;

" Bless, as ye pass unseen, my sleeping boy,
" Till blithe he wakes to daylight and to joy.
" If the GREAT SPIRIT will, in future days
" O'er the fall'n foe his hatchet he shall raise,
" And, 'mid a grateful nation's high applause,
" AVENGE HIS VIOLATED COUNTRY'S CAUSE!"

Now, nearer points of spears, and many a cone
Of moving helmets, in the moonlight shone,
As, clanking through the pass, the band of blood
Sprung, like hyenas, from the secret wood.
They rush—they seize their unresisting prey—
Ruthless they tear the shrieking Boy away;
But, not, till gash'd by many a sabre wound,
The Father sunk, expiring, on the ground.
He wak'd, from the dark trance, to life and pain,
But never saw his darling child again.

Sev'n snows had fall'n, and sev'n green summers pass'd,
Since here he heard that son's lov'd accents last.
Still his beloved daughter sooth'd his cares,
While time began to strew with white, his hairs.
Oft as his painted feathers he unbound,
Or gaz'd upon his hatchet on the ground,
Musing with deep despair, nor strove to speak,
Light she approach'd, and climb'd to reach his cheek,
Held with both hands his forehead, then her head
Drew smiling back, and kiss'd the tear he shed.
But late, to grief and hopeless love a prey,
She left his side, and wander'd far away.
Now in this still and shelter'd glen, that smil'd
Beneath the crags of precipices wild,
Wrapt in a stern yet sorrowful repose,
The Warrior half forgot his country's woes,—

Forgot how many, impotent to save,
Shed their best blood upon a father's grave;
How many, torn from wife and children, pine
In the dark caverns of the hopeless mine,
Never to see again the blessed morn—
Slaves in the lovely land where they were born;
How many, at sad sun-set, with a tear,
The distant roar of sullen cannons hear,
Whilst evening seems, as dies the sound, to throw
A deadlier stillness on a nation's woe!

So the dark Warrior, day succeeding day,
Wore in distemper'd thought the noons away;
And still, when weary evening came, he sigh'd,
" My son, my son!" or, with emotion, cried,
" When I descend to the cold grave alone,
" Who shall be there to mourn for me?—Not one!"

The crimson orb of day, now west'ring, flung
His beams, and o'er the vast Pacific hung;
When from afar a shrilling sound was heard,
And, hurrying o'er the dews, a Scout appear'd.
The starting Warrior knew the piercing tones,
The signal-call of war, from human bones.—
"What tidings?" with impatient look, he cried;—
"Tidings of war," the hurrying Scout replied;
Then the sharp pipe[10] with shriller summons blew,
And held the blood-red arrow high in view.[11]

CHIEF.

"Where speed the foes?"

INDIAN.

"Along the southern main,
"Have pass'd the vultures of accursed Spain."

CHIEF.

" Ruin pursue them on the distant flood,
" And be their deadly portion—blood for blood!"

INDIAN.

" When, round and red, the moon shall next arise,
" The chiefs attend the midnight sacrifice
" In Encol's wood, where the great wizard dwells,
" Who wakes the dead man with his thrilling spells;
" THEE,[12] Ulmen of the Mountains, they command
" To lift the hatchet, for thy native land;
" Whilst in dread circle, round the sere-wood smoke,
" The mighty gods of vengeance they invoke;
" And call the spirits of their fathers slain,
" To nerve their lifted arm, and curse devoted Spain."
So spoke the Scout of War;—and o'er the dew,
Onward along the craggy valley, flew.

Then the stern Warrior sung his song of death—
And blew his conch, that all the glens beneath
Echo'd, and rushing from the hollow wood,
Soon at his side three hundred warriors stood.

WARRIOR.

"CHILDREN, WHO, FOR HIS COUNTRY DARES TO DIE?"—

Three hundred brandish'd spears shone to the sky.—
"WE PERISH, OR WE LEAVE OUR COUNTRY FREE;
"FATHER, OUR BLOOD FOR CHILI AND FOR THEE!"

The Mountain-chief essay'd his club to wield,
And shook the dust indignant from the shield.
Then spoke:—
"O Thou! that with thy ling'ring light
"Dost warm the world, till all is hush'd in night;

" I look upon thy parting beams, O Sun!
" And say, 'Ev'n thus my course is almost run.'
" When thou dost hide thy head, as in the grave,
" And sink to glorious rest beneath the wave,
" Dost thou, majestic in repose, retire,
" Below the deep, to unknown worlds of fire?
" Yet tho' thou sinkest, awful, in the main,
" The shadowy moon comes forth, and all the train
" Of stars, that shine with soft and silent light,
" Making so beautiful the brow of night.
" Thus, when I sleep within the narrow bed,
" The light of after-fame around shall spread;
" The sons of distant Ocean, when they see
" The grass-green heap beneath the mountain tree,
" And hear the leafy boughs at evening wave,
" Shall pause and say, 'There sleep in dust the brave!'

" All earthly hopes my lonely heart have fled!
" Stern GUECUBU,[13] ANGEL OF THE DEAD,
" Who laughest when the brave in pangs expire,
" Whose dwelling is beneath the central fire
" Of yonder burning mountain; who hast pass'd
" O'er my poor dwelling, and with one fell blast
" Scatter'd my summer-leaves that cluster'd round,
" And swept my fairest blossoms to the ground;
" ANGEL OF DIRE DESPAIR, O come not nigh,
" Nor wave thy red wings o'er me where I lie;
" But thou, O mild and gentle spirit, stand,
" Angel* of hope and peace, at my right hand,
" (When blood-drops stagnate on my brow) and guide
" My pathless voyage o'er the unknown tide,

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* They have their evil and good spirits. Guecubu is the evil spirit.

" To scenes of endless joy—to that fair isle,
" Where bow'rs of bliss, and soft savannahs smile;
" Where my forefathers oft the fight renew,
" And Spain's black visionary steeds pursue;
" Where, ceas'd the struggles of all human pain,
" I may behold thee—thee—my son, again."

He spoke, and whilst at evening's glimmering close
The distant mist, like the grey ocean, rose,
With patriot sorrows swelling at his breast,
He sunk upon a jagguar's hide to rest.

'Twas night—Remote on Caracalla's bay,
VALDIVIA'S army, hush'd in slumber, lay.
Around the limits of the silent camp,
Alone was heard the steed's patroling tramp
From line to line, whilst the fix'd centinel
Proclaim'd the watch of midnight—"ALL IS WELL!"

Valdivia dreamt of millions yet untold,
Villrica's gems, and El Dorado's gold!—
What diff'rent feelings, by the scene impress'd,
Rose, in sad tumult, o'er Lautaro's breast!

On the broad ocean, where the moonlight slept,
Thoughtful he turn'd his waking eyes, and wept,
And whilst the thronging forms of mem'ry start,
Thus holds communion with his lonely heart:—
"Land of my fathers, still I tread your shore,
"And mourn the shade of hours that are no more;
"Whilst night-airs, like remember'd voices, sweep,
"And murmur from the undulating deep.
"Was it thy voice, my Father?—thou art dead—
"The green rush waves on thy forsaken bed.
"Was it thy voice, my Sister?—gentle maid,
"Thou too, perhaps, in the dark cave art laid;

" Perhaps, ev'n now, thy spirit sees me stand
" A homeless stranger in my native land;
" Perhaps, ev'n now, along the moonlight sea,
" It bends from the blue cloud, rememb'ring me.

" LAND OF MY FATHERS, yet—O yet forgive,
" That with thy deadly enemies I live.
" The tenderest ties (it boots not to relate)
" Have bound me to their service, and their fate;
" Yet, whether on Peru's war-wasted plain,
" Or visiting these sacred shores again,
" Whate'er the struggles of this heart may be,
" LAND OF MY FATHERS, it shall beat for thee!"

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

ARGUMENT TO THE SECOND CANTO.

The Second Day.

NIGHT—SPIRIT OF THE ANDES—VALDIVIA—LAUTARO —MISSIONARY—THE HERMITAGE.

The Missionary.

CANTO SECOND.

The night was still, and clear—when, o'er the snows,
Andes! thy melancholy Spirit rose,—
A shadow stern and sad: He stood alone,
Upon the topmost mountain's burning cone;
And whilst his eyes shone dim, through surging smoke,
Thus to the Spirits of the Fire he spoke:—

"Ye, who tread the hidden deeps,
"Where the silent earthquake sleeps;
"Ye, who track the sulph'rous tide,
"Or on hissing vapours ride,—
"Spirits, come!

" From worlds of subterraneous night;
" From fiery realms of lurid light;
" From the ore's unfathom'd bed;
" From the lava's whirlpools red,—
" SPIRITS, come!

" On Chili's foes rush with vindictive sway,
" And sweep them from the light of living day!

" Heard ye not the rav'nous brood,
" That flap their wings, and scream for blood?—
" On Peru's devoted shore
" Their murderous beaks are red with gore;
" Yet here, impatient for new prey,
" Th' insatiate vultures track their way.
" LET THEM PERISH! they, whose bands
" Swept remote and peaceful lands!—

" LET THEM PERISH !—on their head,
" Descend the darkness of the dead !
" Spirits, now your caves forsake !—
" Hark! ten thousand warriors wake !—
" Spirits, their high cause defend !—
" From your caves ascend ! ascend !"

As thus the Genius of the Andes spoke,
The trembling mountain heav'd with darker smoke;
Light'nings, and phantom-forms, by fits, appea
His mighty voice far off Osorno heard;
The cavern'd deeps shook through their vast profound
And Chimborazo's height roll'd back the sound.

With lifted arm, and tow'ring stature high,
And aspect frowning to the middle sky,

(Its misty form dilated in the wind)
The Phantom stood,—till, less and less defin'd,
Into thin air it faded from the sight,
Lost in the ambient haze of slow-returning light.
Its feathery-seeming crown,—its giant spear,—
Its limbs of huge proportion,—disappear;
And the bare mountains, to the dawn, disclose
The same long line of solitary snows.

The morning shines,—the military train
Streams far and wide along the tented plain;
And plaited cuirasses, and helms of steel,
Throw back the sun-beams, as the horsemen wheel:
Thus, with arms glancing to the eastern light,
Pass, in review, proud steeds and cohorts bright;
For all the host, by break of morrow's grey,
Wind back their march to Penco's northern bay.

Valdivia, fearful lest confederate foes,
Ambush'd and dark, his progress might oppose,
Marshals, to-day, the whole collected force,—
File and artillery, cuirassier and horse:
Himself yet lingers ere he joins the train,
That move, in order'd march, along the plain,
While troops, and Indian slaves beneath his eye,
The labours of the *rising city ply:
Wide glows the general toil—the mole extends,
The watch-tow'r o'er the desert surge ascends;
And battlements, and rising ramparts, shine
Above the ocean's blue and level line.
The sun ascended to meridian height,
And all the northern bastions shone in light;

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* The city Baldivia.

With hoarse acclaim, the gong and trumpet rung,—
The Moorish slaves aloft their cymbals swung,—
When the proud victor, in triumphant state,
Rode forth, in arms, through the port-cullis gate.
With neck high-arching, as he smote the ground,—
And restless pawing to the trumpets' sound,—
With mantling mane, o'er his broad shoulders spread,—
And nostrils blowing, and dilated red,—
The coal-black steed, in rich caparison
Far-trailing to the ground, went proudly on:
Proudly he tramp'd, as conscious of his charge,
And turn'd around his eye-balls, bright and large,
And shook the frothy boss, as in disdain;
And toss'd the flakes, indignant, of his mane;
And, with high-swelling veins, exulting press'd
Proudly against the barb, his heaving breast.

The fate of empires glowing in his thought,—
Thus arm'd, the tented field VALDIVIA sought.
On the left side his poised shield he bore,
With quaint devices richly blazon'd o'er;
Above the plumes, upon his helmet's cone,
Castile's imperial crest illustrious shone;
Blue in the wind th' escutcheon'd mantle flow'd,
O'er the chain'd mail, which tinkled as he rode.
The barred vizor rais'd, you might discern
His[14] clime-chang'd countenance, though pale, yet stern,
And resolute as death,—whilst, in his eye
Sat proud Assurance, Fame, and Victory.

LAUTARO, now in manhood's rising pride,
Rode, with a lance, attendant, at his side,
In Spanish mantle gracefully array'd:
Upon his brow a tuft of feathers play'd:

His glossy locks, with dark and mantling grace,
Shaded the noon-day sun-beams on his face.
Though pass'd in tears the day-spring of his youth,
VALDIVIA lov'd his gratitude and truth:
He, in VALDIVIA, own'd a nobler friend;
Kind to protect, and mighty to defend.
So, on he rode: upon his youthful mien
A mild but sad intelligence was seen:
Courage was on his open brow, yet Care
Seem'd like a wand'ring shade, to linger there;
And though his eye shone, as the eagle's, bright,
It beam'd with humid, melancholy light.
When now VALDIVIA saw th' embattled line,
Helmets, and swords, and shields, and matchlocks, shine,
Now the long phalanx still and steady stand,
Fix'd every eye, and motionless each hand,—

Then slowly-clustering, into columns wheel,
Each with the red-cross banners of Castile;—
While trumps, and drums, and cymbals to his ear,
Made music such as soldiers love to hear,
While horsemen check'd their steeds,—or, bending low,
With levell'd lances, o'er the saddle-bow,
Rode gallantly at tilt,—and thunders broke,
Instant involving van and rear in smoke,
Till winds th' obscuring volume roll'd away,
And the red file, stretch'd out in long array,
More radiant mov'd beneath the beams of day,
While ensigns, arms, and crosses, glitter'd bright,—
" *PHILIP!" he cried, " seest thou the glorious sight,

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* Lautaro had been baptized by that name.

" And dost thou deem the tribes of this poor land
" Can men, and arms, and steeds, like these, withstand?"
" Forgive!"—the Youth replied, and check'd a tear,—
" The land where my forefathers sleep, is dear!—
" My native land!—this spot of blessed earth,
" The scene where I, and all I love, had birth!—
" What gratitude, fidelity can give,
" Is yours, my Lord!—you shielded—bade me live,
" When, in the circuit of the world so wide,
" I had but one, one only friend beside.
" I bow'd—resign'd to Fate; I kiss'd the hand,
" Red with the best blood of my FATHER'S LAND![15]
" But mighty as thou art, VALDIVIA, know,
" Though Cortez' desolating march laid low
" The shrines of rich, voluptuous Mexico,—

" With carcasses, though proud Pizarro strew
" The Sun's imperial temple in Peru,—
" Yet the rude dwellers of this land are brave,
" And the last spot they lose, will be their grave!"

A moment's crimson cross'd VALDIVIA's cheek—
Then o'er the plain he spurr'd, nor deign'd to speak,
Waving the youth, at distance, to retire:
None saw the eye that shot terrific fire:—
As their commander sternly rode along,
Troop after troop, halted the martial throng;
And all the pennon'd trumps a louder blast
Blew, as the Southern World's great victor pass'd.

LAUTARO turn'd, scarce heeding, from the view,
And from the noise of trumps and drums withdrew;
And now, while troubled thoughts his bosom swell,
Seeks the grey MISSIONARY's humble cell.

Fronting the ocean, but beyond the ken
Of public view, and sounds of murm'ring men,—
Of unhewn roots compos'd, and knarled wood,
A small and rustic Oratory stood:
Upon its roof of reeds appear'd a cross,
The porch within was lin'd with mantling moss;
A crucifix and hour-glass, on each side—
One to admonish seem'd, and One to guide;
This, to impress how soon life's race is o'er;
And that, to lift our hopes where time shall be no more.
O'er the rude porch, with wild and gadding stray,
The clust'ring copu weav'd its trellis gay:
Two mossy pines, high bending, interwove
Their aged and fantastic arms above.
In front, amid the gay surrounding flowers,
A dial counted the departing hours,

On which the sweetest light of summer shone,—
A rude and brief inscription mark'd the stone:—

" To count, with passing shade, the hours,
" I plac'd the dial 'mid the flowers;
" That, one by one, came forth, and died,
" Blooming, and with'ring, round its side.
" Mortal, let the sight impart
" Its pensive moral to thy heart!"

Just heard to trickle through a covert near,
And soothing, with perpetual lapse, the ear,
A fount, like rain-drops, filter'd through the stone,—
And, bright as amber, on the shallows shone.
Intent his fairy pastime to pursue,
And, gem-like, hovering o'er the violets blue,
The humming-bird, here, its unceasing song
Heedlessly murmur'd, all the summer-long,

And when the winter came, retir'd to rest,
And from the myrtles hung its trembling nest.
No sounds of a conflicting world were near;
The noise of ocean faintly met the ear,
That seem'd, as sunk to rest the noon-tide blast,
But dying sounds of passions that were past;
Or closing anthems, when, far off, expire
The lessening echoes of the distant choir.

Here, every human sorrow hush'd to rest,
His pale hands meekly cross'd upon his breast,
Anselmo sat: the sun, with west'ring ray,
Just touch'd his temples, and his locks of grey.
There was no worldly feeling in his eye;—
The world to him "was as a thing gone by."

Now, all his features lit, he rais'd his look,
Then bent it thoughtful, and unclasp'd the book;

And whilst the hour-glass shed its silent sand,
A tame *opossum lick'd his wither'd hand.
That sweetest light of slow-declining day,
Which through the trellis pour'd its slanting ray,
Resting a moment on his few grey hairs,
Seem'd light from heaven sent down to bless his prayers.

When the trump echoed to the quiet spot,
He thought upon the world, but mourn'd it not;
Enough if his meek wisdom could control,
And bend to mercy, one proud soldier's soul;
Enough, if while these distant scenes he trod,
He led one erring Indian to his God.

"Whence comes my son?" with kind complacent look
He ask'd, and clos'd again the embossed book.

* A small and beautiful species, which is domesticated.

"I come to thee for peace!" the Youth replied:
"Oh, there is strife, and cruelty, and pride,
"In this sad CHRISTIAN world; my native land
"Was happy, ere the soldier, with his band,
"Of fell destroyers, like a vulture, came,
"And gave the peaceful scenes to blood and flame.
"When will the turmoil of Earth's tempests cease?
"Father, I come to thee for peace—for peace!"
"Seek PEACE," the Father cried, "with God above:
"In his good time, all will be PEACE and LOVE.

"We mourn, indeed, mourn that all sounds of ill,
"Earth's fairest scenes with one deep murmur fill;
"That yonder Sun, when Evening paints the sky,
"Sinks, beauteous, on a world of misery;
"The course of wide destruction to withstand,
"We lift our feeble voice—our trembling hand;

" But still, bow'd low, or smitten to the dust,
" FATHER OF MERCY! still in thee we trust!
" Through good or ill, in poverty or wealth,—
" In joy or woe, in sickness or in health,—
" Meek Piety thy awful hand surveys,
" And the faint murmur turns to prayer and praise!
" We know—whatever evils we deplore—
" THOU HAST PERMITTED, AND WE KNOW NO MORE!
" Behold, illustrious on the subject plain,
" Some tower'd city of imperial Spain! [16]
" Hark! 'twas the earthquake! clouds of dust alone
" Ascend from earth, where tower and temple shone!
" Such is the conqueror's dread path: the grave
" Yawns for its millions where his banners wave;
" But shall vain man, whose life is but a sigh,
" With sullen acquiescence, gaze and die?

" Alas, how little of the mighty maze
" Of Providence, our mortal ken surveys!
" Heaven's awful Lord, pavilion'd in the clouds,
" Looks through the darkness that all nature shrouds;
" And, far beyond the tempest and the night,
" Bids MAN his course hold on to scenes of endless light."

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

ARGUMENT TO THE THIRD CANTO.

Evening and Night of the same Day.

ANSELMO'S STORY—CONVERTED INDIANS—CONFESSION OF THE WANDERING MINSTREL—NIGHT-SCENE.

The Missionary.

CANTO THIRD.

ANSELMO'S TALE.

" Come,—for the sun yet hangs above the bay,—
" And whilst our time may brook a brief delay
" With other thoughts,—and, haply, with a tear,
" An old man's tale of sorrow thou shalt hear.
" I wish'd not to reveal it—thoughts that dwell
" Deep in the lonely bosom's inmost cell
" Unnotic'd, and unknown; too painful wake,
" And like a tempest, the dark spirit shake,
" When starting, from our slumb'rous apathy,
" We gaze upon the scenes of days gone by.

" Yet, if a moment's irritating flush,
" *Darkens thy cheek, as thoughts conflicting rush,
" When I disclose my hidden griefs, the tale
" May more than wisdom or reproof prevail.
" Oh, may it teach thee, till all trials cease,
" To hold thy course, though sorrowing, yet in peace:
" Still looking up to HIM, the soul's best stay,
" Who Faith and Hope shall crown, when worlds
are swept away!

" Where fair Seville's[17] Morisco turrets gleam
" On Guadilquiver's gently-stealing stream;
" Whose silent waters, seaward as they glide,
" Reflect the wild-rose thickets on its side,

* Indians of Chili are of the lightest class, called by some " white Indians."

" My youth was pass'd.—Oh, days for ever gone!
" How touch'd with Heaven's own light your morn-
ings shone!
" E'en now, when lonely and forlorn I bend,—
" My weary journey hast'ning to its end,—
" A drooping exile on a distant shore,—
" I mourn the hours of youth that are no more.
" The tender thought amid my prayers has part,
" And steals, at times, from Heav'n my aged heart.
" Forgive the cause, O God!—forgive the tear,
" That flows, ev'n now, o'er Leonora's bier;
" For, 'midst the innocent and lovely, none,
" More beautiful than LEONORA shone.

" As by her widow'd mother's side she knelt,
" A sad and sacred sympathy I felt.

" At Easter-tide, when the high mass was sung,
" And, fuming high, the silver censer swung,—
" When rich-hued windows, from the arches' height,
" Pour'd o'er the shrines a soft and yellow light,—
" From aisle to aisle, amid the service clear,
" When 'ADOREMUS' swell'd upon the ear,—
" (Such as to heav'n thy rapt attention drew
" First in the Christian churches of Peru)
" She seem'd, methought, some Spirit of the sky,
" Descending to that holy harmony.
" Boots not to say, when life and hope were new,
" How by degrees the soul's first passion grew:
" I lov'd her, and I won her virgin heart,
" But Fortune whisper'd, We, awhile, must part.
" The minster toll'd the middle hour of night,
" When wak'd to agony and wild affright,

" I heard the words, words of appalling dread—
" 'The Holy Inquisition!'—from the bed
" I started; snatch'd my dagger, and my cloak—
" 'Who dare accuse me?'—none, in answer, spoke.—
" The dæmons seiz'd, in silence, on their prey,
" And tore me from my dreams of bliss away.
" How frightful was their silence, and their shade,
" In torch-light, as their victim they convey'd,—
" By dark-inscrib'd, and massy-window'd walls,
" Through the dim twilight of terrific halls;
" (For thou hast heard me speak of that foul stain
" Of pure religion, and the rites of Spain)—
" Whilst the high windows shook to night's cold blast,
" And echoed to the foot-fall as we pass'd!
" They left me, faint and breathless with affright,
" In a cold cell, to solitude and night;

"Oh! think, what horror through the heart must thrill
"When the last bolt was barr'd, and all at once was still!
"Nor day nor night was here, but a deep gloom,
"Sadder than darkness, wrapt the living tomb.
"Some bread and water, nature to sustain,
"Duly was brought when eve return'd again;
"And thus I knew, hoping it were the last,
"Another day of ling'ring life was pass'd.
"Five years immur'd in the deep den of night,
"I never saw the sweet sun's blessed light.
"Once as the grate, with sullen sound, was barr'd,
"And to the bolts the inmost cavern jarr'd,—
"Methought I heard, as clang'd the iron door,
"A dull and hollow echo from the floor;
"I stamp'd: the vault, and winding caves around
"Return'd a long and melancholy sound.

" With patient toil, I rais'd a massy stone,
" And look'd into a depth of shade unknown;
" The murky twilight of the lurid place
" Serv'd me, at length, a secret way to trace.
" I entered, step by step; explor'd the road,
" In darkness, from my desolate abode;
" Till, winding through long passages of night,
" I saw, at distance, a dim streak of light:—
" It was the sun—the bright, the blessed beam
" Of day! I knelt—I wept—the glitt'ring stream
" Roll'd soft beneath me, as I left the cave,
" Conceal'd in woods above the winding wave.
" I rested on a verdant bank awhile,
" I saw around the summer landscape smile:
" I gain'd a peasant's hut; nor dar'd to leave,
" Till, with slow step, advanc'd the glimmering eve.

" Remembering still affection's fondest hours,
" I turn'd my footsteps to the city towers;—
" In pilgrim's dress, I trac'd the streets unknown:
" No light in LEONORA's lattice shone.
" The morning came; the busy tumult swells;
" Knolling to church, I heard the minster bells:
" Involuntary to that scene I stray'd,
" Disguis'd, where first I saw my faithful maid.
" I saw her, pallid, at the altar stand,
" And yield, half-shrinking, her reluctant hand:
" She turn'd her look—she saw my hollow eyes,
" And knew me,—wasted, wan, and in disguise;
" She shriek'd, and fell—breathless, I left the fane
" In agony—nor saw her form again;
" And from that day—her voice, her look—was giv'n—
" Her name, her memory,—to the winds of heav'n.

" Far off I bent my melancholy way,
" Heart-sick and faint, and, in this gown of grey,
" From every human eye my sorrows hid,
" Unknown, amidst the tumult of Madrid.
" Grief in my heart, despair upon my look,
" With no companion save my beads and book,
" My morsel with Affliction's sons to share,
" To tend the sick and poor, my only care—
" Forgotten, thus I liv'd—till day by day
" Had worn nigh thirteen years of grief away.
" One winter's night, when I had clos'd my cell,
" And bid the labours of the day farewell,
" An aged crone approach'd, with panting breath—
" She bade me hasten to the house of Death.
" I came—with moving lips intent to pray,
" A dying woman on a pallet lay;

" Her lifted hands were wasted to the bone,
" And ghastly on her look the lamp-light shone;
" Beside the bed a pious daughter stands
" Silent—and, weeping, kisses her pale hands.
" Feebly she spoke, and rais'd her languid head,
" 'Forgive, forgive!——they told me he was dead!—
" 'But in the sunshine of that dreadful day,
" 'That gave me to another's arms away,—
" 'I saw him,—like a ghost, with deadly stare;—
" 'I saw his wasted eye-balls' ghastly glare;
" 'I saw his lips—(O hide them, God of love!)
" 'I saw his livid lips, half-muttering, move,
" 'To curse the maid—forgetful of her vow:—
" 'Perhaps he lives to curse—to curse me now!'
" 'He lives to bless!' I cried; and, drawing nigh,
" Held up the crucifix: Her heavy eye

" She rais'd, and scarce pronounc'd—' Does he yet
live?
" ' Can he his lost, his dying child forgive?——
" ' Will God forgive—the Lord who bled—will He?—
" ' Ah, no!—there is no mercy left for me!'
" Words were in vain, and colours all too faint,
" The awful moment of despair to paint.
" She knew me—her exhausted breath, with pain,
" Drawing, she press'd my hand, and spoke again.
" ' By a false guardian's cruel wiles deceiv'd—
" ' The tale of fraudful falsehood I believ'd;—
" ' And thought thee dead! he gave the stern com-
mand—
" ' And bade me take the rich Antonio's hand.——
" ' I knelt,—implor'd—embrac'd my guardian's
knees——
" ' Ruthless inquisitor! he held the keys

" ' Of the dark torture-house.[18] Trembling for life,——

" ' Yes—I became a sad, heart-broken—wife!

" ' Yet curse me not!—of every human care

" ' Already my full heart has had its share.

" ' Abandon'd—left in youth to want and woe!

" ' Oh! let these tears, that agonising flow,

" ' Witness how deep ev'n now my heart is rent:—

" ' Yet ONE is lovely—ONE is innocent!

" ' Protect—protect—(and faint in death she smil'd)

" ' When I am dead—protect—my orphan child!'

" The dreadful prison, that so long detain'd

" My wasting life, her dying words explain'd.

" The wretched priest, who wounded me by stealth,

" Barter'd her love, her innocence, for wealth.

" I laid her bones in earth: the chanted hymn

" Echoed along the hollow cloister dim:

" I heard, far off, the bell funereal toll,
" And, sorrowing, said, 'Now peace be with her soul!'
" Far o'er the Western Ocean I convey'd,
" And INDIANA call'd—the orphan maid:
" Beneath my eye she grew—and, day by day,
" Seem'd, grateful, every kindness to repay.
" Renouncing Spain, her cruelties and crimes,
" Amid untutor'd tribes, in distant climes,
" 'Twas mine to spread the light of truth, or save
" From stripes and torture the poor Indian slave.
" I saw thee, young and innocent—alone,
" Cast on the mercies of a race unknown;
" I saw, in dark Adversity's cold hour,
" Thy virtues blooming, like a winter's flow'r;
" From chains and slavery I redeem'd thy youth,
" Pour'd on thy sight the beams of heav'nly truth;

" By thy warm heart and mild demeanor won,
" Call'd thee my other child—my age's son.
" I need not say the sequel—not unmov'd
" Poor INDIANA heard thy tale, and lov'd—
" Some sympathy a kindred fate might claim;
" Your years, your fortunes, and your friend the same;
" Both early of a parent's care bereft,
" Both strangers in a world of sadness left,
" I mark'd each slowly-struggling thought—I shed
" A tear of love paternal on each head,
" And, while I saw her timid eyes incline,
" Bless'd the affection that has made her thine!
" Here let the murmurs of despondence cease:
" THERE IS A GOD—BELIEVE—and part in peace!"

Rich hues illum'd the tract of parting day
As the great sun sunk in the western bay,

And only its last light yet ling'ring shone,
Upon the highest palm-tree's feathery cone;
When at a distance, on the dewy plain,
In mingled group appear'd an Indian train—
Men, women, children, round Anselmo press,—
"Farewell!" they cried.—He rais'd his hand to bless,
And said, "My children, may the God above
"Still lead you in the paths of peace and love:
"To-morrow, and we part,—when I am gone,
"Raise on this spot a cross, and place a stone,—
"That tribes unborn may some memorial have,—
"(When I far off am mould'ring in the grave)—
"Of that poor messenger, who tidings bore,
"Of Gospel-mercy, to your distant shore."
The crowd retired—along the twilight grey,
The Condor swept its solitary way,—

The fire-flies shone, when to the Hermit's cell
Who hastens but the minstrel Zarinel?
In foreign lands, far from his native home,
'Twas his, a gay, romantic youth to roam,—
With a light cittern o'er his shoulders slung,
Where'er he pass'd he play'd, and lov'd, and sung;
And thus accomplish'd, late had join'd the train
Of gallant soldiers on the southern plain.—
" Father," he cried, " uncertain of the fate
" That may to-morrow's toilsome march await,—
" For long will be the road,—I would confess
" Some secret thoughts that on my bosom press!
" They are of one I left—an Indian maid,
" Whose trusting love my careless heart betray'd,
" Say, may I speak?"
" Say on"—the father cried;
" Nor be to penitence all hope denied."

" Then hear, Anselmo ! From a very child
" I lov'd all fancies marvellous and wild—
" I turn'd from truth, to listen to the lore
" Of many an old and fabling Troubadour.
" Thus, with impassion'd heart, and wayward mind,
" To dreams, and shapes of shadowy things resign'd,
" I left my native vales, and village home,
" Wide o'er the world a minstrel boy to roam.
" I never shall forget the day—the hour,—
" When, all my soul resign'd to fancy's power,
" First, from the snowy Pyrenees, I cast
" My laboring vision o'er the landscape vast,
" And saw beneath my feet long vapours float,
" Streams, mountains, woods, and ocean's mist remote.
" There once I met a soldier, poor and old,
" Who tales of Cortez and Balboa told—

" And THIS NEW WORLD—He spoke of Indian maids,
" Rivers like seas, and forests, whose deep shades
" Had never yet been pierc'd by morning ray,
" And how the green bird mock'd and talk'd all day.
" Imagination thus, in colours new,
" This distant world presented to my view—
" Young, and enchanted with the fancied scene,
" I cross'd the toiling seas that roar'd between,
" And, with ideal images impress'd,
" Stood on these unknown shores, a wondering guest.
" Still to romantic phantasies resign'd,
" I left Callao's crowded port behind,
" And climb'd the mountains, which their shadow threw
" Upon the lessening summits of Peru.
" Some sheep, the armed peasants drove before,
" That all our food, through the wild passes bore,

" Had wander'd in the frost-smoke of the morn,
" Far from the tract—I blew the signal horn—
" But echo only answered—Mid the snows,
" Wilder'd and lost, I saw the evening close.
" The sun was setting in the crimson west—
" In all the earth I had no home of rest—
" The last sad light upon the ice-hills shone—
" I seem'd forsaken in a world unknown—
" How did my cold and sinking heart rejoice,
" When! hark! methought I heard a human voice.
" It might be some wild Indian's roving troop,
" Or the dread echo of their distant whoop—
" Still it was human, and I seem'd to find
" Again some commerce with remote mankind.
" The voice is nearer, rising through the shade—
" Is it the song of a rude mountain-maid?

" And now I heard the tread of hast'ning feet,
" And, in the western glen, a Llama bleat.
" I listened—all is still—but hark! again
" Near and more near is heard the welcome strain—
" It is a wild maid's carolling, who seeks
" Her wand'ring llama midst the snowy peaks.
" 'Truant,' she cried, 'thy lurking place is found'—
" With languid touch I wak'd the cittern's sound,
" And soon a maid, by the pale light, I saw
" Gaze breathless with astonishment and awe—
" What instant terrors to her fancy rose!
" Ha! is it not the Spirit of the snows?
" But when she saw me, weary, cold, and weak,
" Stretch forth my hand—(for now I could not speak)
" She pitied—rais'd me from the snows, and led
" My falt'ring footsteps to her father's shed—

" The llama followed with her tinkling bell—
" The dwelling rose within a craggy dell,—
" O'erhung with icy summits:—to be brief,
" She was the daughter of an aged Chief;
" He, by her gentle voice to pity won,
" Shew'd mercy, for himself had lost a son.

" The father spoke not:—by the pine-wood blaze,
" The daughter stood—and turn'd a cake of maize.
" And then, as sudden shone the light, I saw
" Such features as no artist hand might draw.
" Her form, her face, her symmetry, her air—
" Father! thy age must such recital spare—
" She sav'd my life—and kindness, if not love,
" Might sure in time the coldest bosom move—

" Mine was not cold—she lov'd to hear me sing,
" And sometimes 'touch'd with playful hand the string—
" And when I wak'd some melancholy strain,
" She wept, and smil'd—and bade me sing again—
" So many a happy day, in this deep glen,
" Far from the noise of life, and sounds of men,
" Was pass'd! Nay! father, the sad sequel hear—
" 'Twas now the leafy spring-time of the year—
" Ambition call'd me: True, I knew, to part,
" Would break her generous, and her trusting heart—
" True, I had vow'd—but now estrang'd and cold,
" She saw my look, and shuddered to behold—
" She would go with me—leave the lonely glade
" Where she grew up, but my stern voice forbade—
" She hid her face and wept,—' Go then away,'
" (Father, methinks, ev'n now I hear her say)

" ' Go to thy distant land—forget this tear—
" ' Forget these rocks,—forget I once was dear.—
" ' Fly to the world, o'er the wide ocean fly,
" ' And leave me unremember'd here to die!
" ' Yet to my father should I all relate,
" ' Death, instant death, would be a TRAITOR's fate!'
" Nor Fear, nor Pity, mov'd my stubborn mind,
" I left her sorrows and the scene behind—
" I sought VALDIVIA on the southern plain,
" And join'd the careless military train—
" Oh! ere I sleep, thus, lowly on my knee,
" Father, I absolution crave from thee."
Anselmo spoke with look and voice severe—
" Yes! thoughtless youth, my absolution hear:
" First, by deep penitence the wrong atone,
" Then absolution ask from GOD ALONE!

" Yet stay, and to my warning voice attend—
" And hear me as a father, and a friend!
" Let Truth severe be wayward Fancy's guide,
" Let stern-ey'd Conscience o'er each thought preside—
" The passions, that on noblest natures prey,
" Oh! cast them, like corroding bonds, away!
" Disdain to act mean falsehood's coward part,
" And let religion dignify thine art.
" If, by thy bed, thou seest at midnight stand
" Pale Conscience, pointing, with terrific hand,
" To deeds of darkness done, whilst, like a corse,
" To shake thy soul, uprises dire Remorse—
" Fly, to God's mercy—fly, ere yet too late—
" Perhaps one hour marks thy eternal fate—
" Let the warm tear of deep contrition flow,
" The heart obdurate melt, like softening snow,

" The last vain follies of thy youth deplore,
" Then go—In secret weep—and sin no more!"
The stars innumerous in their watches shone—
Anselmo knelt before the cross alone.
Ten thousand glowing orbs their pomp display'd,
Whilst, looking up, thus silently he pray'd—
" Oh! how oppressive to the aching sense,
" How fearful were this vast magnificence,
" This prodigality of glory, spread
" Above a poor and dying emmet's head,
" That toil'd his transient hour upon the shore
" Of mortal life, and then was seen no more—
" If man beheld, on his terrific throne,
" A dark, cold, distant Deity, alone!
" Felt no relating, no endearing tie,
" That Hope might upwards raise her glist'ning eye,

" And think, with deep unutterable bliss,
" In yonder radiant realm my kingdom is!
" More glorious than those orbs that silent roll,
" Shines HEAVEN'S REDEEMING MERCY on the soul—
" Oh! pure effulgence of unbounded love!
" In thee, I think—I feel—I live—I move—
" Yet when—oh! thou, WHOSE NAME IS LOVE, AND LIGHT,—
" When will thy day-spring on these realms of night
" Arise? Oh! when shall sever'd nations raise
" One HALLELUJAH of triumphant praise,
" TIBET on FARS, ANDES on ATLAS call,
" And 'roll the long Hosannah' round the ball!
" Soon may thy kingdom come, that love, and peace,
" And charity, may bid earth's chidings cease!

" Meantime, in life or death, through good or ill,
" Thy poor and feeble servant, I fulfil
" As best I may, thy high and holy will,
" Till, weary, on the world my lids I close,
" And hasten to my long and last repose!"

END OF CANTO THIRD.

ARGUMENT TO THE FOURTH CANTO.

ASSEMBLY OF INDIAN WARRIORS—CAUPOLICAN, ONGOLMO TEUCAPEL—MOUNTAIN CHIEF—SONG OF THE INDIAN WISARD—WHITE WOMAN AND CHILD.

The Missionary.

CANTO FOURTH.

Far in the centre of the deepest wood,
The assembled Fathers of their country stood.
'Twas midnight now: the pine-wood fire burnt red,
And to the leaves a shadowy glimmer spread:
The struggling smoke, or flame with fitful glance,
Obscur'd, or shew'd, some dreadful countenance;
And every warrior, as his club he rear'd,
With larger shadow, indistinct, appear'd;
While more terrific, his wild locks and mien,
And fierce eye through the quiv'ring smoke was seen.

In sea-wolf's skin, here MARIANTU stood;
Gnash'd his white teeth, impatient, and cried,
"Blood!"
His lofty brow with crimson feathers bound,
Here, brooding death, the huge ONGOLMO frown'd;
And, like a giant of no earthly race,
To his broad shoulders heav'd his ponderous mace.
With lifted hatchet, as in act to fell,
Here stood the young and ardent TEUCAPEL.

Like a lone cypress, stately in decay,
When Time has worn its summer boughs away,
And hung its trunk with moss and lichens sere,
The MOUNTAIN-WARRIOR rested on his spear.
And thus, and at this hour, a hundred chiefs,
Chosen avengers of their country's griefs;

Chiefs of the scatter'd tribes who roam the plain,
That sweeps from ANDES to the western main,
Their country-gods around the coiling smoke,
With sacrifice, and silent pray'rs, invoke.
For all, at first, were silent as the dead;
The pine was heard to whisper o'er their head,
So stood the stern assembly: but apart,
Wrapt in the spirit of his fearful art,
Alone, to hollow sounds "of hideous hum,"
The wizard-seer struck his prophetic drum.

Silent they stood—and watch'd, with anxious eyes,
What phantom-shape might from the ground arise:
No voices came—no spectre-form appear'd:
A hollow sound, but not of winds, was heard
Among the leaves, and distant thunder low,
Seem'd like the moans of an expiring foe.

His crimson feathers quiv'ring in the smoke,
Then, with loud voice, first MARIANTU spoke:—
" Hail we the omen!—Spirits of the slain,
" I hear your voices!—Mourn, devoted Spain!
" Pale-visag'd tyrants! still, along our coasts,
" Shall we despairing mark your iron hosts?
" Spirits of our brave fathers, curse the race
" Who thus your name, your memory disgrace!
" No: though yon mountain's everlasting snows
" In vain[19] Almagro's toilsome march oppose;
" Though ATACAMA's long and wasteful plain
" Be heap'd with black'ning carcases in vain;
" Though still fresh hosts those snowy summits scale,
" And scare the Llamas with their glitt'ring mail;
" Though sullen castles lour along our shore;
" Though our polluted soil be drench'd with gore;

" Insolent tyrants! WE—prepar'd to die—
" Your ARMS, your HORSES, and your GODS, defy!"

He spoke: the warriors stamp'd upon the ground,
And tore the feathers that their foreheads bound.
" Insolent tyrants!" burst the general cry,
" WE, met for vengeance!—WE—prepar'd to die!—
" Your ARMS, your HORSES, and your GODS, defy!"
Then Teucapel, with warm emotion, cried,
" This hatchet never yet in blood was dy'd!
" May it be buried deep within my heart,
" If living from the conflict I depart,
" Till loud, from shore to shore, is heard one cry,
" 'SEE! IN THEIR GORE WHERE THE LAST TYRANTS LIE!' "

The MOUNTAIN-WARRIOR—" Oh, that I could raise
" The hatchet too, as in my better days,

" When victor on Maypocha's banks I stood;
" And while the indignant river roll'd in blood,
" And our swift arrows hiss'd like rushing rain,
" I cleft Almagro's iron helm in twain!
" My strength is well nigh gone! years mark'd with
woe
" Have o'er me pass'd, and bow'd my spirit low!
" Alas, I have no son! Beloved boy!
" Thy father's last, best hope!—his pride!—his joy!
" Oh, hadst thou liv'd—sole object of my prayers!—
" To guard my waning life, and these grey hairs!
" How bravely hadst thou now, in manhood's pride,
" Swung the uplifted war-club on my side:
" But the Great Spirit will'd not! Thou art gone;
" And, weary, on this earth I walk alone:
" Thankful if I may yield my latest breath,
" And bless my country, in the pangs of death!"

With words delib'rate, and uplifted hand ;
Mild to persuade, yet dauntless to command ;
Raising his hatchet high, CAUPOLICAN
Survey'd the assembled chiefs, and thus began :

" Friends, Fathers, Brothers—dear and sacred names !
" Your stern resolve each ardent look proclaims :
" On then to conquest ; let one hope inspire ;
" One Spirit animate—one Vengeance fire.
" Who doubts the glorious issue ? to our foes
" A tenfold strength and spirit we oppose.
" In them no god protects his mortal sons,
" Or speaks, in thunder, from their roaring guns.
" Nor come they children of the radiant sky ;
" But, like the wounded snake, to writhe and die.

" Then, rush resistless on their prostrate bands;
" Snatch the red lightning from their feeble hands,
" And swear, to the great spirits, hovering near,
" —Who now this awful invocation hear—
" That we will never see our household hearth,
" Till, like the dust, we sweep them from the earth.

" But vain our strength, that idly, in the fight,
" Tumultuous wastes its ineffectual might,
" Unless to ONE, the hatchet we confide:
" Let ONE, our numbers—ONE, our counsels guide.
" And, lo! for all that in this world is dear,
" I raise this hatchet, raise it high, and swear,
" Never again to lay it down, till WE—
" And all who love this injur'd land, ARE FREE."
At once the loud acclaim tumultuous ran:
" Our spears, our life-blood, for CAUPOLICAN!

" With thee, for all that in this world is dear,
" We lift our hatchets, lift them high, and swear,
" Never again to lay them down, till WE—
" And all who love this injur'd land, ARE FREE."

Then thus the chosen Chief:—" Bring forth the slave,
" And let the death-dance recreate the brave."

Two warriors led a Spanish captive, bound
With thongs; his eyes were fix'd upon the ground.
Dark cypresses the mournful spot inclose:
High in the midst an ancient mound arose,
Mark'd, on each side, with monumental stones,
And white beneath, with sculls, and scatter'd bones.
Four poniards, on the mound, encircling stood,
With points erect, dark with forgotten blood.

Forthwith, with louder voice, the chief commands,
" Bring forth the lots—unbind the captive's hands;
" Then north, towards his country, turn his face,
" And dig beneath his feet a narrow space."*

Caupolican uplifts his axe, and cries,
" Gods, of our land be yours this sacrifice!—
" Now, listen, Warriors!"—and forthwith commands
To place the billets in the captive's hands.
" Soldier, cast in the lot!"——
With looks aghast,
The captive in the trench a billet cast.

" Soldier, declare, who leads the arms of Spain,
" Where Santiago frowns upon the plain?"

* The reader is referred to Molina for a particular description of the war-sacrifice, which is very striking and poetical.

CAPTIVE.

" Villagra!"———

WARRIOR.

" Earth upon the billet heap;
" So may a tyrant's heart be buried deep!"
The dark woods echoed to the long acclaim,
" ACCURSED BE HIS NATION AND HIS NAME!"

WARRIOR.

" Captive, declare who leads the Spanish bands,
" Where the proud fortress shades Coquimbo's sands?"

CAPTIVE.

" Ocampo!"——

WARRIOR.

" Earth upon the billet heap;
" So may a tyrant's heart be buried deep!"
The dark woods echoed to the long acclaim,
" ACCURSED BE HIS NATION AND HIS NAME!"

WARRIOR.

" Cast in the lot."

——— Again, with looks aghast,
The captive in the trench a billet cast.
" Pronounce his name who here pollutes the plain,
" The leader of the mailed hosts of Spain?"

CAPTIVE.

" VALDIVIA!"——

At that name a sudden cry
Burst forth, and every lance was lifted high.

WARRIOR.

" VALDIVIA!———Earth upon the billet heap;
" So may a tyrant's heart be buried deep!"
The dark woods echoed to the long acclaim,
" ACCURSED BE HIS NATION AND HIS NAME!"

And now loud yells, and whoops of death, resound;
The shudd'ring captive ghastly gaz'd around,
When the huge war-club smote him to the ground.
Again deep stillness hush'd the listening crowd,
While the prophetic wizard sung aloud.

SONG TO THE GOD OF WAR.

" By thy habitation dread,
In the valley of the dead,

Where no sun, nor day or night,
Breaks the red and dusky light;
By the grisly troops, that ride,
Of slaughter'd Spaniards, at thy side,—
Slaughter'd by the Indian spear,
MIGHTY EPANANUM,* hear!

" Hark, the battle!—Hark, the din!—
Now the deeds of Death begin!—
The Spaniards come, in clouds! above,
I hear their hoarse artillery move!
Spirits of our fathers slain,
Haste, pursue the dogs of Spain!
The noise was in the northern sky!
Haste, pursue! They fly—they fly!

* Name of the War-deity.

" Now from the cavern's secret cell,
Where the direst phantoms dwell,—
See they rush,* and, riding high,
Break the moon-light as they fly;
And, on the shadow'd plain beneath,
Shoot, unseen, the shafts of Death!
O'er the devoted Spanish camp,
Like a vapour, dark and damp,
May they hover, till the plain
Is hid beneath the countless slain;
And none, but silent women, tread
From corse to corse, to seek the dead!"

---

* Terrific imaginary beings, called " Man-animals," that leave their caves by night, and scatter pestilence and death as they fly.—See MOLINA.

The wav'ring fire flash'd with expiring light,
When shrill and hollow, through the cope of night,
A distant shout was heard : at intervals,
Increasing on the list'ning ear it falls.

It ceas'd; when, bursting from the thickest wood,
With lifted axe, two gloomy warriors stood :
Wan in the midst, with dark and streaming hair,
Blown by the winds upon her bosom bare,
A woman, faint from terror's wild alarms,
And folding a white infant in her arms,
Appear'd. Each warrior stoop'd his lance to gaze
On her pale looks, seen ghastlier through the blaze.

"Save!" she exclaim'd, with harrow'd aspect wild;
"Oh, save my innocent—my helpless child!"

Then fainting fell, as from death's instant stroke.
Caupolican, with stern enquiry, spoke—
" Whence come, to interrupt our awful rite,
" At this dread hour, the warriors of the night?"

" From ocean."

" Who is she who fainting lies,
" And now scarce lifts her supplicating eyes?"

" The Spanish ship went down: the seamen bore,
" In a small boat, this woman to the shore:
" They fell beneath our hatchets,—and again,
" We gave them back to the insulted main. *

* " Render them back upon the insulted ocean."
COLERIDGE.

" The child and woman—of a race we hate—
" Warriors, 'tis yours, here, to decide their fate."
" Vengeance!" aloud, fierce Mariantu cried:
" Let vengeance on the race be satisfied!
" Let none of hated Spanish blood remain,
" Woman, or child, to violate our plain!"
Amid that dark and bloody scene, the child
Stretch'd to the Mountain-chief his hands, and smil'd.
A starting tear of Pity dimm'd the eye
Of the old Warrior, though he knew not why.
" Oh! think upon your little ones!" he cried,
" Nor be compassion to the weak denied."
Caupolican then fix'd his aspect mild
On the white woman, and her shrinking child,
Then firmly spoke:———

" WHITE WOMAN, we were free,
" When first thy brethren of the distant sea
" Came to our shores! WHITE WOMAN, theirs the guilt!
" Theirs, if the blood of innocence be spilt!
" Yet blood we seek not, though our arms oppose
" The hate of foreign and remorseless foes:
" Thou camest here a captive——so abide,
" Till the Great Spirit shall our cause decide."
He spoke: the warriors of the night obey;
And, ere the earliest streak of dawning day,
They led her from the scene of blood away.

END OF THE FOURTH CANTO.

ARGUMENT TO THE FIFTH CANTO.

OCEAN-CAVE—SPANISH CAPTIVE—WILD INDIAN MAID—GENIUS OF ANDES, AND SPIRITS.

The Missionary.

CANTO FIFTH.

'Tis dawn:—the distant Andes' rocky spires,
One after one, have caught the orient fires.
Where the dun condor shoots his upward flight,
His wings are touch'd with momentary light.
Meantime, beneath the mountains' glittering heads,
A boundless ocean of grey vapour spreads,
That o'er the champaign, stretching far below,
Moves now, in cluster'd masses, rising slow,
Till all the living landscape is display'd
In various pomp of colour, light, and shade,

Hills, forests, rivers, lakes, and level plain,
Less'ning in sunshine to the southern main.
The Llama's fleece fumes with ascending dew;
The gem-like humming birds their toils renew;
And there, by the wild river's devious side,
The tall Flamingo, in its crimson pride,
Stalks on, in richest plumage bright array'd,
With snowy neck superb,[20] and legs of lengthening shade.

Sad maid, for others may the valleys ring,
For other ears the birds of morning sing,
For other eyes the palms in beauty wave,
Dark is thy prison in the ocean-cave!

Amid that winding cavern's inmost shade,
A dripping rill its ceaseless murmur made:

Masses of dim-discover'd crags aloof,
Hung, threatening, from the vast and vaulted roof;
And through a fissure, in its glimmering height,
Seen like a star, appear'd the distant light;
Beneath the opening, where the sun-beams shine,
Far down, the rock-weed hung its slender twine.

Here, pale and bound, the Spanish captive lay,
Till morn on morn, in silence, pass'd away;
When once, as o'er her sleeping child she hung,
And sad her evening supplication sung,—
Like a small gem, amidst the gloom of night,
A glow-worm shot its green and trembling light,—
And, 'mid the moss and craggy fragments, shed
Faint lustre, o'er her sleeping infant's head;
And hark! a voice—a woman's voice—its sound
Dies, in faint echoes, mid the vault profound—

"Let us pity the poor white maid!*
"She has no mother near!
"No friend to dry her tear!
"Upon the cold earth she is laid:
"Let us pity the poor white maid!"

It seem'd the burden of a song of woe;
And see, across the gloom an Indian girl move slow—
Her nearer look is sorrowful, yet mild——
Her hanging locks are wreathed with rock-weed wild—
Gently she spoke, "Poor Christian, dry thy tear—
"Art thou afraid? all are not cruel here.
"Oh! still more wretched may my portion be,
"Stranger, if I could injure thine and thee!

* From Mungo Park.

" And, lo! I bring, from banks and thickets wild,
" Wood-strawberries, and honey for thy child."
" Whence? Who art thou, who, in this fearful place,
" Dost comfort speak to one of Spanish race?"

INDIAN.

" It is an Indian maid, who chanc'd to hear
" Thy tale of sorrow, as she wander'd near—
" I lov'd a white man once—but he is flown,
" And now I wander heartless and alone.
" I trac'd the dark and winding way beneath;
" But well I know to lead thee hence were death.
" Oh, say! what fortunes led thee o'er the wave,
" On these sad shores to find, perhaps, a grave?"

SPANISH WOMAN.

"Three years have pass'd since a fond husband left
" Me, and this infant, of his love bereft:
" Him I have follow'd—need I tell thee more,
" Cast helpless, friendless, hopeless, on this shore?"

INDIAN.

" Oh! did he love thee then? let death betide,
" Yes, from this cavern I will be thy guide.
" Nay, do not shrink! from Caracalla's bay,
" Ev'n now, the Spaniards wind their march this way.
" As late in yester eve I pac'd the shore
" I heard their signal-guns at distance roar.
" Wilt thou not follow? He, will shield thy child,—
" The Christian's God,—through passes dark and wild
" He, will direct thy way! Come, follow me;
" Oh, yet be lov'd, be happy, and be free!

" But I, an outcast on my native plain,
" The poor Olola ne'er shall smile again!"
So guiding from the cave, when all was still,
And pointing to the farthest glimmering hill,
The Indian led, till, on Itata's side,
The Spanish camp and night-fires they descried:
Then on the stranger's neck that wild maid fell,
And said, "Thy own gods prosper thee!—Farewell!"

The [21] owl is hooting over-head—below,
On dusky wing, the vampire-bat sails slow.
Ongolmo stood before the cave of night,
Where the great wizard sat:—a lurid light
Was on his face; twelve giant shadows frown'd,
His mute, and dreadful ministers, around.
Each eye-ball, as in life, was seen to roll,
Each lip to move; but not a living soul

Was there, save bold Ongolmo and the seer.
The warrior half advanc'd his lifted spear,
Then spoke—" Dread master of the mighty lore!
" Say, shall the Spaniards welter in their gore?"
" Let these dark ministers the answer tell,"
Replied the master of the mighty spell.
Then every giant-shadow, as it stood,
Lifted on high a skull that dropp'd with blood.
" Yet more," th' impatient warrior cried; " yet more!
" Say, shall I live, and drink the tyrant's gore?"
'Twas silence.—" Speak!" he cried: none made reply——
At once strange thunder shook the distant sky,
And all was pass'd; the grisly shapes are flown,
And the grim warrior stands in the wild woods alone.

St. Pedro's church had rung its midnight chimes,
And the grey friars were chanting at their primes,
When winds, as of a rushing hurricane,
Shook the tall windows of the towered fane—
Sounds, more than earthly, with the storm arose,
And a dire troop are pass'd to Andes' snows,
Where mighty spirits in mysterious ring
Their dread prophetic incantations sing,
Round Chillan's crater-smoke, whose lurid light
Streams high against the hollow cope of night.
Thy genius, Andes, tow'ring o'er the rest,
Rose vast, and thus a phantom-shape address'd.

" Who comes so swift amid the storm?
" Ha! I know thy bloodless form,
" I know thee, Angel, who thou art,
" By the hissing of thy dart!

" 'Tis Death, the king! the rocks around,
" Hark! echo back the fearful sound—
" 'Tis Death, the king! away, away—
" The famish'd vultur scents its prey—
" Spectre, hence! we cannot die—
" Thy with'ring weapons we defy;
" Dire and potent as thou art!"
Then spoke the phantom of the up-lifted dart,
" Spirits who in darkness dwell,
" I heard far off your secret spell!
" Enough, on yonder fatal shore,
" My fiends have drank your children's gore;
" Lo! I come, and doom to fate
" The murderers, and the foe you hate!
" Of all who shook their hostile spears,
" And mark'd their way through blood and tears,

" (Now sleeping still on yonder plain)
" But one—one only shall remain,
" Ere thrice the morn shall shine again."

Then sung the mighty spirits. "Thee," they sing,
" Hail to thee, DEATH! ALL HAIL, TO DEATH THE KING.—
" The penguin flaps her wings in gore,
" Devoted Spain! along the shore.
" Whence that shriek? with ghastly eyes,
" Thy Victor-chief abandon'd lies!

" VICTOR of the Southern world,
" Whose crimson banners were unfurl'd
" O'er the silence of the waves,—
" O'er a land of bleeding slaves!

" VICTOR, where is now thy boast;
" Thy iron steeds, thy mailed host?
" Hark! Hark! even now I hear his cries!——
" SPIRITS HENCE!——HE DIES! HE DIES!"

END OF THE FIFTH CANTO.

ARGUMENT TO THE SIXTH CANTO.

THE CITY OF CONCEPTION—THE CITY OF PENCO—CASTLE—LAUTARO—WILD INDIAN MAID—ZARINEL—MISSIONARY.

The Missionary.

CANTO SIXTH.

The second moon had now began to wane,
Since bold Valdivia left the southern plain—
Goal of his labours, Penco's port and bay,
Far gleaming to the summer sunset lay.

The way-worn veteran, who had slowly pass'd
Through trackless woods, or o'er savannahs vast,
With hope impatient, sees the city spires
Gild the horizon, like ascending fires.

Now well-known sounds salute him, as more near
The citadel and battlements appear;
The approaching trumpets ring at intervals;
The trumpet answers from the rampart walls,
Where many a maiden casts an anxious eye,
Some long-lost object of her love to 'spy,
Or watches, as the evening light illumes
The points of lances, or the passing plumes.
The grating draw-bridge and the portal-arch,
Now echo to the long battalion's march;
Whilst every eye some friend remember'd greets,
Amid the gazing crowd that throngs the streets.

As bending o'er his mule, amid the throng,
Pensive and pale, Anselmo rode along,——
How sacred, 'mid the noise of arms, appear'd
His venerable mien and snowy beard.

Whilst every heart a silent pray'r bestow'd,
Slow to the convent's massy gate he rode:
Around, the brothers, gratulating, stand,
And ask for tidings of the Southern land.

As from the turret tolls the vesper-bell,
He seeks, a weary man, his evening cell.
No sounds of social cheer, no beds of state,
Nor gorgeous canopies his coming wait;
But o'er a little bread, with folded hands,
Thanking the GOD that gave, awhile he stands;
Then, while all thoughts of earthly sorrow cease,
Upon his pallet lays him down in peace.

The scene how different, where the Castle-hall
Rings to the loud triumphant festival:
A hundred torches blaze, and flame aloof,—
Long quiv'ring shadows streak the vaulted roof,—

Whilst, seen far off, the illumin'd windows throw
A splendor on the shore and seas below.

Amid his captains, in imperial state,
Beneath a crimson canopy, elate,
VALDIVIA sits—and, striking loud the strings,
The wandering MINSTREL OF VALENTIA sings.
" For CHILI CONQUER'D, fill the bowl again!
" For CHILI CONQUER'D, raise the heroic strain!"
" Bard," cried Valdivia, " sleep is on thy lid!
" Wake, minstrel!—sing the song of Noble Cid!" *
Lautaro left the hall of jubilee
Unmark'd, and wander'd by the moon-light sea:
He heard far off, in dissonant acclaim,
The song, the shout, and his lov'd country's name.

* Omitted in the Poem, as too much impeding the narrative.

As swell'd at times the trump's insulting sound,
He rais'd his eyes impatient from the ground;
Then smote his breast indignantly, and cried,
" Chili! my country; would that I had died
" On the sad night of that eventful day
" When on the ground my murder'd father lay!
" I should not then, dejected and alone,
" Have thought I heard his injur'd spirit groan.
" Ha! was it not his form—his face—his hair?
" Hold, soldier! Stern, inhuman soldier, spare!
" Ha! is it not his blood? ' Avenge,' he cries,
" ' Avenge,' my son, ' these wounds!' He faints—he dies.
" Leave me, dread shadow! can I then forget
" My father's look—his voice? he beckons yet!
" Now on that glimmering rock I see him stand:
" ' Avenge!' he cries, and waves his dim-seen hand!"

Thus mus'd the youth, distemper'd and forlorn,
When, hark! the sound as of a distant horn
Swells o'er the surge: he turn'd his look around,
And still, with many a pause, he heard the sound:
It came from yonder rocks; and, list! what strain
Breaks on the silence of the sleeping main?

"I heard the song of gladness:
"It seem'd but yesterday,
"But it turn'd my thoughts to madness,
"So soon it died away!
"I sound my sea-shell; but in vain I try
"To bring back that enchanting harmony!
"Hark! heard ye not the surges say,
"Oh! heartless maid, what canst thou do?

" O'er the moon-gleaming ocean, I'll wander away,
" And paddle to Spain in my light canoe!"

The youth drew near, by the strange accents led,
Where in a cave, wild sea-weeds round her head,
And holding a large sea-conch in her hand,
He saw, with wild'ring air, an Indian maiden stand.
A tattered Panco, o'er her shoulders hung;
On either side, her long black locks were flung;
And now by the moon's glimmer, he espies
Her high cheek-bones, and bright, but hollow, eyes.
Lautaro spoke: " Oh! say what cruel wrong
" Weighs on thy heart? maiden, what bodes thy song?"
She answered not, but blew her shell again;
Then thus renew'd the desultory strain:
" Yes, yes, we must forget! the world is wide;
" My music now shall be the dashing tide:—

" In the calm of the deep I will frolic and swim—
" With the breath of the South, o'er the sea-blossom,* skim.

" If ever, stranger, on thy way,
" Sounds, more than earthly sweet, thy soul should move,
" It is the youth! Oh! do not say—
" The poor Olola died for love."

Lautaro stretch'd his hand—she said " adieu!"
And o'er the glimmering rocks like lightning flew.
He follow'd, and still heard at distance swell
The lessening echoes of that mournful shell.

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* The " sea-blossom," Holothuria, known to seamen by the name of " Portuguese man of war," is among the most striking and beautiful objects in the calms of the Southern ocean.

It ceas'd at once—and now he heard no more
Than the sea's murmur dying on the shore.
"Olola!—ha! his sister had that name!
"Oh, horrid fancies! shake not thus his frame."
All night he wander'd by the desert main,
To catch the melancholy sounds again.

No torches blaze in Penco's castled hall
That echoed to the midnight festival.
The weary soldiers, by their toils opprest,
Had now retir'd to silence and to rest.
The minstrel only, who the song had sung
Of noble Cid, as o'er the strings he hung,
Upon the instrument had fall'n asleep,
Weary, and now was hush'd in slumbers deep.
Tracing the scenes long past, in busy dreams
Again he wanders by his native streams;

Or sits, his evening saraband to sing
To the clear Garonne's gentle murmuring.—
Cold o'er the freckled clouds the morning broke
Aslant e'er from his slumbers he awoke:
Still as he sat, nor yet had left the place,
The first dim light fell on his pallid face.
He wakes—he gazes round—the dawning day
Comes from the deep, in garb of cloudy grey.
The woods with crow of early turkeys ring,
The glancing birds beneath the castle sing,
And the sole sun his rising orb displays,
Radiant and redd'ning, through the scatter'd haze.
To recreate the languid sense awhile,
When earth, and ocean, wore their sweetest smile,
He wander'd to the beach: the early air
Blew soft, and lifted, as it blew, his hair;

Flush'd was his cheek; his faded eye, more bright,
Shone with a faint, but animated light,
While the soft morning ray seem'd to bestow
On his tir'd mind a transient kindred glow.
As thus, with shadow stretching o'er the sand,
He mus'd and wander'd on the winding strand,
At distance, toss'd upon the fuming tide,
A dark and floating substance he espied.
He stood, and where the eddying surges beat,
An Indian corse was roll'd beneath his feet:
The hollow wave retir'd with sullen sound—
The face of that sad corse was to the ground;
It seem'd a female, by the slender form;
He touch'd the hand—it was no longer warm;
He turn'd its face—oh! God, that eye though dim,
Seem'd with its deadly glare as fix'd on him.

How sunk his shudd'ring sense, how chang'd his hue,
When poor Olola in that corse he knew!
Lautaro, rushing from the rocks, advanc'd;
His keen eye, like a startled eagle's, glanc'd:
'Tis she!—he knew her by a mark impress'd
From earliest infancy beneath her breast.

"Oh, my poor sister! when all hopes were past
"Of meeting, do we meet—thus meet—at last?"
Then full on Zarinel, as one amaz'd,
With rising wrath and stern suspicion gaz'd;
(For Zarinel still knelt upon the sand,
And to his forehead press'd the dead maid's hand.)

"SPEAK! WHENCE ART THOU?"

Pale Zarinel, his head
Upraising, answered,

"PEACE IS WITH THE DEAD!

" Him dost thou seek who injur'd thine and thee?
" HERE—strike the fell assassin—I AM HE!
" Die!" he exclaim'd, and with convulsive start
Instant had plung'd the dagger in his heart,
When the meek father, with his holy book,
And placid aspect, met his frenzied look,—
He trembled—struck his brow—and, turning round,
Flung the uplifted dagger to the ground.
Then murmur'd—" Father, Heav'n has heard thy pray'r—
" But oh! the sister of my soul—lies there!
" The CHRISTIAN'S GOD HAS TRIUMPH'D! Father, heap
" Some earth upon her bones, whilst I go weep!"—
Anselmo with calm brow approach'd the place,
And hasten'd with his staff his falt'ring pace:

" Ho! child of guilt and wretchedness," he cried,
" Speak!"—" Holy father," the sad youth replied,
" God bade the seas th' accusing victim roll
" Dead at my feet, to teach my shudd'ring soul
" Its guilt: Oh! father, holy father, pray
" That Heav'n may take the deep dire curse away."
" Oh! yet," Anselmo cried, " live and repent,
" For not in vain was this dread warning sent—
" The deep reproaches of thy soul I spare,
" Go! seek Heav'n's peace by penitence and pray'r."
The youth arose, yet trembling from the shock,
And sever'd from the dead maid's hair a lock—
This to his heart with trembling hand he press'd,
And dried the salt-sea moisture on his breast.
They laid her limbs within the sea-beat grave,
And pray'd " Her soul, oh! blessed Mary save!"

END OF THE SIXTH CANTO.

ARGUMENT TO THE SEVENTH CANTO.

MIDNIGHT—VALDIVIA'S TENT—MISSIONARY—MARCH TO THE VALLEY ARAUCO—FIRST SIGHT OF ASSEMBLED INDIANS.

The Missionary.

CANTO SEVENTH.

The watchman on the tow'r his bugle blew,
And swelling to the morn the streamers flew,—
The rampart-guns a dread alarum gave,
Smoke roll'd, and thunder echo'd o'er the wave;
When, starting from his couch, Valdivia cried,
"What tidings?" "Of the tribes!" a scout replied;
"Ev'n now, prepar'd thy bulwarks to assail,
"Their gathering numbers darken all the vale!"
Valdivia call'd to the attendant youth,
"Philip," he cried, "belike thy words have truth;

" The formidable host, by holy James,
" Might well appal our priests and city dames!

" Dost thou not fear?———Nay—dost thou not
reply?
" Now by the rood, and all the saints on high,
" I hold it sin—that thou should'st lift thy hand
" Against thy brothers in thy native land!
" But, as thou saidst, those mighty enemies
" Me and my feeble legions would despise,
" Yes, by our holy lady, thou shalt ride,
" SPECTATOR OF THEIR PROWESS, BY MY SIDE!
" Come life, come death, our battle shall display
" Its ensigns to the earliest beam of day!
" With louder summons ring the rampart-bell,
" And haste the shriving Father from his cell—

" A soldier's heart rejoices in alarms:
" And let the trump at midnight sound to arms!"

And now, obedient to the chief's commands,
The grey-hair'd priest before the soldier stands:—
" Father," Valdivia cried, " fierce are our foes,—
" The last event of war GOD only knows;—
" Let mass be sung.—Father, this very night
" I would attend the high and holy rite.
" Yet deem not that I doubt of victory,
" Or place defeat or death before mine eye,
" It blenches not! But, whatsoe'er befall,
" Good Father! I would part in peace with all.
" So, tell Lautaro—his ingenuous mind
" Perhaps may grieve, if late I seem'd unkind:—

" Hear my heart speak—though far from virtue's way
" Ambition's lure hath led my steps astray,
" No wanton exercise of barbarous pow'r
" Harrows my shrinking conscience, at this hour.

" If hasty passions oft my spirit fire,
" They flash a moment, and the next expire;
" Lautaro knows it.—There is somewhat more——
" I would not, here—here, on this distant shore
" (Should they, the Indian multitudes, prevail,
" And this good sword and these firm sinews fail)
" Amid my deadly enemies be found,
" *Unhostled, unabsolv'd, upon the ground,

* Shakespeare.

" A dying man,—thy look, thy rev'rend age,
" Might save my poor remains from barb'rous rage;
" And thou mayest pay the last sad obsequies,
" O'er the heap'd earth where a brave soldier lies:—
" So God be with thee!"——

By the torches' light,
The slow procession moves: the solemn rite
Is chanted: through the aisles and arches dim,
At intervals, is heard the imploring hymn.
Now all is still, that only you might hear—
(The tall and slender tapers burning clear,
Whose light Anselmo's pallid brow illumes,
Now glances on the mailed soldier's plumes)
Hear, sounding far, only the iron tread,
That echoed through the cloisters of the dead.

Dark clouds are wand'ring o'er the heav'n's wide way;
Now from the camp, at times, a horse's neigh
Breaks on the ear; and on the [22]rampart height
The centinel proclaims the middle watch of night.
By the dim taper's solitary ray,
Tir'd, in his tent, the SOVEREIGN SOLDIER lay.

Meantime, as shadowy dreams arise, he roams
Mid bright pavilions and imperial domes,
Where terraces, and battlements, and towers,
Glisten in air o'er rich romantic bowers.
Sudden the visionary pomp is past,—
The vacant court sounds to the moaning blast,—
A dismal vault appears,—where, with swoln eyes,
As starting from their orbs, a dead man lies:

It is ALMAGRO's corse![23]—roll on, ye drums,
Lo! where the GREAT, the PROUD, PIZARRO, comes!
Her gold, her richest gems, let Fortune strew
Before the mighty conqu'ror of Peru!
Ah, turn, and see a dagger in his hand—
With ghastly look—see the assassin stand!—
PIZARRO falls![24]—he welters in his gore!
Lord of the western world, art thou no more?
VALDIVIA, hark!—it was another groan!—
Another shadow comes!—it is thy own!——
Ah, bind not thus his arms!—give, give him breath!—
Wipe from his bleeding brow those damps of death!

VALDIVIA, starting, woke:—he is alone:
The taper in his tent yet dimly shone:

" Lautaro, haste!" he cried; " Lautaro, save
" Thy dying master!—Ah! is this the brave,
" The haughty victor?—Hush, the dream is past!
" The early trumpets ring the second blast!
" Arm, arm!—Ev'n now, th' impatient charger
neighs!—
" Again, from tent to tent, the trumpet brays!"
By torch-light, then, Valdivia gave command,
" Haste, let Del Oro take a chosen band,
" With watchful caution, on his fleetest steed,
" A troop observant on the heights to lead!"

Now beautiful, beneath the heav'n's grey arch,
Appear'd the main battalion's moving march;
The banner of the cross was borne before,
And next, with aspect sad, and tresses hoar,

The HOLY MAN went thoughtfully, and prest
A crucifix, in silence, to his breast.
VALDIVIA, all in plated steel array'd,
Upon whose crest the morn's effulgence play'd,
Majestic rein'd his steed, and seem'd alone,
Worthy the southern world's imperial throne.
His features through the barred casque that glow,
His pole-axe, pendant from the saddle-bow;
His steely armour, and the glitter bright
Of his drawn sabre, in the orient light,
Speak him not, now, for knightly tournament
Array'd, but on emprise of prowess bent,
And deeds of deadly strife: in blooming pride,

The attendant youth rode, pensive, by his side.
Their pennon'd lances, waving in the wind,
Two hundred clanking horsemen tramp'd behind,

In iron harness clad—the bugles blew,
And high in air the sanguine ensigns flew.
The arbalasters next, with cross-bows slung,
March'd, whilst the plumed Moors their cymbals swung.
Auxiliar Indians here, a various train,
With spears and bows, darken'd the distant plain.
Drums roll'd, and fifes re-echoed shrill and clear,
At intervals, as near and yet more near,
While flags and intermingled halberts shine,
The long battalion drew its passing line.
Last roll'd the heavy guns, a sable tier,
By Indians drawn, with match-men in the rear;
And many a straggling mule and sumpter-train
Clos'd the embattled order on the plain,—
Till nought beneath the azure sky appears
But the projecting points of scarce-discover'd spears.

Slow up the hill, with floating vapours hoar,
Or by the blue lake's long-retiring shore,
Now seen distinct, through the disparting haze,
The glitt'ring file its banner'd length displays;
Now winding from the woods, again appears
The moving line of match-locks and of spears,
Part seen, part lost: The long illustrious march
Circling the swamp, now draws its various arch;
And seems, as on it moves, mæandering slow,
A radiant segment of a living bow.

Five days the Spaniards, trooping in array,
O'er plains, and headlands, held their eastern way.
On the sixth early dawn, with shuddering awe,
And horror, in the last defile they saw
Ten pendent heads, from which the gore still run,
All gash'd, and grim, and blackening in the sun:

These were the gallant troop that pass'd before,
The Indians' vast encampment to explore,—
Led by Del Oro, now with many a wound
Pierc'd, and a headless trunk upon the ground.
The horses startled, as they tramp'd in blood;
The troops a moment half-recoiling stood.

But boots not now to pause, or to retire;
Valdivia's eye flash'd with indignant fire:
"Follow!" he cried, "brave comrades, to the hill!"
And instant shouts the pealing valley fill.

And now, up to the hill's ascending crest,
With animated look and beating breast,
He urg'd his steed—when, wide beneath his eye,
He saw, in long expanse, Arauco's valley lie.

Far as the labouring sight could stretch its glance,
One undulating mass of club and lance,—
One animated surface seem'd to fill
The many-stirring scene, from hill to hill:
To the deep mass he pointed with his sword,
"Banner, advance!" Give out "Castile!" the word.

Instant the files advance—the trumpets bray,
And now the host, in terrible array,
Rang'd on the heights that overlook the plain,
Has halted:—

But the task were long and vain
To say what nations, from the seas that roar
Round Patagonia's melancholy shore;
From forests, brown with everlasting shades;
From rocks of sunshine, white with prone cascades;

From snowy summits where the llama roams,
Oft bending o'er the cataract as it foams;
From streams, whose [25] bridges tremble from the steep;
From lakes, in summer's sweetest light asleep;
Indians, of sullen brow and giant limb,
With clubs terrific, and with aspects grim,
Flock'd fearless.————

When they saw the Spanish line
Arrang'd, and front to front, descending shine,
Burst—instant burst, the universal cry—
(Ten thousand spears uplifted to the sky)
" Tyrants, we come to conquer or to die!"

Grim Mariantu led the Indian force
A-left; and, rushing to the foremost horse,

Hurl'd with unerring aim th' involving thong,—
Then fearless sprung amidst the mailed throng.

Valdivia saw the horse, entangled, reel,—
And shouting, as he rode, "CASTILE! CASTILE!"
Led on the charge:—like a descending flood,
It swept, till every spur was black with blood.
His force a-right, where Harratomac led,
A thousand spears went hissing over-head,
And feather'd arrows, of each varying hue,
In glancing arch, beneath the sunbeams flew.
Dire was the strife, when ardent Teucapel
Advancing, in the front of carnage, fell.
At once, Ongolmo, Elicura, rush'd,
And swaying their huge clubs together, crush'd
Horseman and horse; then bath'd their hands in gore,
And limb from limb the panting carcase tore.

Caupolican, where the main battle bleeds,
Hosts, and succeeding hosts, undaunted leads,
Till, torn and shatter'd by the ceaseless fire,
Thousands, with gnashing teeth, and clenched spears,
expire.
Pierc'd by a hundred wounds, Ongolmo lies,
And grasps his club terrific as he dies.

With breathless expectation, on the height,
LAUTARO watch'd the long and dubious fight:
Pale and resign'd the meek man stood, and press'd
More close the holy image to his breast.
Now nearer to the fight Lautaro drew,
When on the ground a Warrior met his view,
Upon whose features Memory seem'd to trace
A faint resemblance of his FATHER'S face;

O'er him a horseman, with collected might,
Rais'd his uplifted sword, in act to smite,
When the Youth springing on, without a word,
Snatch'd from a soldier's wearied grasp the sword,
And smote the horseman through the crest: a yell
Of triumph burst, as to the ground he fell.
—Lautaro shouted, "On! brave brothers, on!
"Scatter them, like the snow!—the day is won!
"Lo, I! LAUTARO,—ATTACAPAC'S SON!"

The Indians turn: again the battle bleeds—
Cleft are the helms, and crush'd the struggling steeds.
The bugle sounds, and faint with toil and heat,
Some straggling horsemen to the hills retreat—
"Stand, brave companions!" bold Valdivia cried,
And shook his sword, in recent carnage died.

" Oh! droop not—droop not yet—all is not o'er—
" Brave, faithful friends, one glorious sally more—
" Where is Lautaro? leaps his willing sword
" Now to avenge his long-indulgent Lord?"
He waited not for answer, but again
Spurr'd to the centre of the horrid plain,—
Clubs, arrows, spears, the spot of death inclose,
And fainter now the Spanish shouts arose.
'Mid ghastly heaps of many a bleeding corse,
Lies the caparison'd and dying horse.

While still the rushing multitudes assail,
Vain is the fiery tube, the twisted mail!
The Spanish horsemen faint: long yells resound,
As the dragg'd ensign trails the gory ground:

" Shout, for the Chief is seiz'd!"—a thousand cries
Burst forth—" Valdivia! for the sacrifice!"
And lo, in silent dignity resign'd,
The meek Anselmo, led in bonds, behind!
His hand upon his breast, young Zarinel
Amidst a group of mangled Indians fell:
The spear, that to his heart a passage found,
Left poor Olola's hair within the wound.

Now all is hush'd—save where, at times, alone,
Deep midnight listens to a distant moan—
Save where the Condors clamour, overhead,
And strike with sounding beaks the helmets of the dead.

END OF THE SEVENTH CANTO.

ARGUMENT TO THE EIGHTH CANTO.

INDIAN FESTIVAL FOR VICTORY—OLD WARRIOR BROUGHT IN WOUNDED—RECOGNISES HIS LONG-LOST SON, AND DIES—DISCOVERY—CONCLUSION WITH THE OLD WARRIOR'S FUNERAL, AND PROPHETIC ORATION BY THE MISSIONARY.

The Missionary.

CANTO EIGHTH.

The morn returns, and redd'ning seems to shed
One ray of glory on the Patriot-dead!
Round the dark stone, the Victor-chiefs behold!
Still on their locks the gouts of gore hang cold!
There stands the brave Caupolican, the pride
Of Chili, young Lautaro by his side!
Near the grim circle, pendant from the wood,
Twelve hundred Spanish heads are dropping blood.
Shrill sound the pipes of death: in festive dance,
The Indian maids with myrtle boughs advance;

The tinkling sea-shells on their ancles ring,
As, hailing thus the victor-youth, they sing:—

SONG OF INDIAN MAIDS.

1.

"Oh, shout for Lautaro, the young and the brave!
"The arm of whose strength was uplifted to save,
"When the steeds of the strangers came rushing amain,
"And the ghosts of our fathers look'd down on the slain!

2.

"'Twas eve, and the noise of the battle was o'er,
"Five thousand brave warriors were cold in their gore;

" When, in front, young Lautaro invincible stood,
" And the horses and iron-men roll'd in their blood!

3.

" As the snows of the mountain are swept by the blast,
" The earthquake of death o'er the white men has pass'd;
" Shout, Chili, in triumph! the battle is won,
" And we dance round the heads that are black in the sun!"

Lautaro, as if wrapt in thought profound,
Oft turn'd an anxious look enquiring round.
—" He is not here!—Say, does my father live?"
Ere eager voices could an answer give,

With faltering footsteps and declining head,
And slowly by an aged Indian led,
Wounded and weak the Mountain-chief appears:
" Live, live!" Lautaro cried, with bursting tears,
And fell upon his neck, and kissing press'd,
With folding arms, his grey hairs to his breast.
" Oh, live! I AM THY SON—thy long-lost child!"—
The Warrior rais'd his look, and faintly smil'd—
" CHILI, MY COUNTRY, IS AVENG'D!" he cried:
" MY SON!"—then sunk upon a shield—and died.

Lautaro knelt beside him, as he bow'd,
And kiss'd his bleeding breast, and wept aloud.
The sounds of sadness through the circle ran,
When thus, with lifted axe, Caupolican,—
" What, for our fathers, brothers, children, slain,
" Canst thou repay, ruthless, inhuman Spain?—

" HERE, on the scene with recent slaughter red,
" To soothe the Spirits of the Brave who bled,
" Raise we, to-day, the war-feast of the dead.
" Bring forth the CHIEF in bonds!—Fathers, to-day,
" Devote we to our gods the noblest prey."

LAUTARO turn'd his eyes, and, gazing round,
Beheld Valdivia, and Anselmo, bound!
One stood in arms, as with a stern despair,
His helmet cleft in twain, his temples bare,—
Where streaks of blood, that dropt upon his mail,
Serv'd but to show his face more deadly pale:
His eye-brows, dark and resolute, he bent,
And stood, compos'd, to wait the dire event.

Still on the cross his looks Anselmo cast,
As if all thought of this vain world was pass'd,—

And in a world of light, without a shade,
Ev'n now his meek and guileless spirit stray'd.
Where stood the SPANISH CHIEF, a mutt'ring sound
Rose, and each club was lifted from the ground;
When, starting from his father's corse, his sword
Waving before his once-triumphant Lord,
Lautaro cried, "MY breast shall meet the blow:
"But save—save HIM, to whom my life I owe!"

Valdivia mark'd him with unmoved eye,
Then look'd upon his bonds, nor deign'd reply;
When Harratomac,—stealing with slow pace,
And lifting high his iron-jagged mace,—
Smote him to earth—a thousand voices rose,
Mingled with shouts and yells, "SO FALL OUR FOES!"

Lautaro gave to tears a moment's space,
As black in death he mark'd Valdivia's face,
Then cried—"Chiefs, Friends, and THOU, Caupolican,
" Oh, spare this innocent and holy man!
" HE never sail'd, rapacious, o'er the deep,
" The gold of blood-polluted lands to heap.
" HE never gave the armed hosts his aid,—
" But meekly to the mighty Spirit pray'd,
" That in all lands the sounds of woe might cease,
" And brothers of the wide world dwell in peace!"
The Victor-youth saw generous sympathy
Already steal to every warrior's eye;
Then thus again: " Oh, if this filial tear
" Bear witness my own father was most dear!—
" If this uplifted arm, this bleeding steel
" Speak, for my country what I felt, and feel;

" If, at this hour, I meet her high applause,
" While my heart beats still ardent in her cause;—
" Hear, and forgive these tears that grateful flow,
" Oh! hear, how much to this poor man I owe.

" I was a child—when to my sire's abode,
" In Chillan's vale, the armed horsemen rode:
" Me, whilst my father cold and breathless lay,
" Far off the crested soldiers bore away,
" And for a captive sold. No friend was near,
" To mark a young and orphan stranger's tear:
" This humble man, with kind parental care,
" Snatch'd me from slav'ry—sav'd from dark despair;
" And as my years increas'd, protected, fed,
" And breath'd a father's blessings on my head.

" A Spanish maid was with him: need I speak?
" Behold, affection's tear still wets my cheek!
" Years, as they pass'd, matur'd in rip'ning grace
" Her form unfolding, and her beauteous face:
" She heard my orphan tale; she lov'd to hear,
" And sometimes for my fortunes dropp'd a tear.
" I could have bow'd to direst ills resign'd,
" But wept—at looks so sweet, at words so kind.
" Valdivia saw me, now in blooming age,
" And claim'd me from the Father as his page;
" The Chief too cherish'd me,—yea, sav'd my life,
" When in Peru arose the civil strife.
" Yet still remembering her I lov'd so well,
" Oft I return'd to the grey Father's cell:
" His voice instructed me; recall'd my youth
" From rude idolatry to heav'nly truth:

" Of this hereafter—He my darkling mind
" Clear'd, and from low and sensual thoughts refin'd.
" Then first, with feelings new impress'd, I strove
" To hide the tear of tenderness and love:
" Amid the fairest maidens of Peru,
" My eyes, my heart, one only object knew:
" I liv'd that object's love and faith to share;—
" He saw, and bless'd us with a father's pray'r.
" Here, at Valdivia's last and stern command,
" I came—a stranger in my native land!
" Anselmo (so him call—now most in need—
" And standing here in bonds, for whom I plead)
" Came, by our Chief so summon'd, and for aid
" To the Great Spirit of the Christians pray'd:
" Here as a son I lov'd him, but I left
" A wife, a child, of my fond cares bereft,

" Never to see again—for death awaits
" My entrance now in Lima's jealous gates.
" CAUPOLICAN, didst thou THY FATHER love?
" Did his last dying look affection move?—
" Pity this aged man; unbend thy brow:
" He WAS MY FATHER—IS MY FATHER, NOW!"

Consenting Mercy marks each warrior's mien.—
But who is this?—what pallid form is seen?
As crush'd already by the fatal blow,—
Bound, and with looks white as a wreath of snow,—
Her hands upon her breast,—scarce drawn her breath,—
A Spanish woman knelt, expecting death,
Whilst, borne by a dark warrior at her side,
An infant shrunk from the red plumes, and cried.—

Lautaro started——

" Injur'd maid of Spain!
" Me!—me!——Oh, take me to thine arms again!"
She heard his voice,—and, by the scene oppress'd,
With one faint sigh, fell senseless on his breast.

CAUPOLICAN, with warm emotion, cried,
" Live! live, Lautaro! and his beauteous bride!
" LIVE, AGED FATHER!"—and forthwith commands
A warrior to unbind Anselmo's hands.
She rais'd her head: his eyes first met her view——
As round Lautaro's neck her arms she threw,
" Ah, no!" she feebly spoke; " it is not true!—
" It is some form of the distemper'd brain!"—
Then hid her face upon his breast again.

Dark flashing eyes, terrific, glar'd around:
Here, his brains scatter'd by the deadly wound,
The Spanish chief lay, on the gory ground.
With low'ring brows, and mace yet dropping blood,
And clotted hair, there Mariantu stood.
Anselmo here, sad, yet in sorrow mild,
Appear'd: she cried——"A blessing on your child,"
And knelt, as slow reviv'd her waking sense,
And then, with looks aghast, "Oh bear us hence!"—
Now all the assembled chiefs, assenting, cried,
"Live, live! Lautaro and his beauteous bride!"
With eager arms, Lautaro snatch'd his boy,
And kiss'd him in an agony of joy;
Then to Anselmo gave, who strove to speak,
And felt the tear first burning on his cheek:
The infant held his neck with strict embrace,
And kiss'd his pale emaciated face.

From the dread scene, wet with Valdivia's gore,
His wan and trembling charge Lautaro bore.
There was a bank, where slept the summer-light,
A small stream whispering went in mazes bright,—
And stealing from the sea, the western wind
Wav'd the magnolias on the slope inclin'd:
The wood-pecker, in glitt'ring plumage green,
And echoing bill, beneath the boughs was seen;
And, arch'd with gay and pendant flow'rs above,
The floripondio[26] its rich trellis wove.
Lautaro bent with looks of love and joy
O'er his yet trembling wife and beauteous boy:

" Oh, by what miracle, Beloved! say,
" Hast thou escap'd the perils of the way
" From Lima, where our humble dwelling stood,
" To these tumultuous scenes, this vale of blood?"

Wak'd by his voice, as from the sleep of death,
Faint she replied, with slow-recovering breath,
" Who shall express, when THOU, best friend! wert
gone,
" How sunk my heart!—deserted and alone?
" ' Would I were with thee!' oft I sat and sigh'd,
" When the pale moon shone on the silent tide—
" At length resolv'd, I sought thee o'er the seas:
" The brave bark cheerly went before the breeze,
" That arms and soldiers to Valdivia bore,
" From Lima bound to Chili's southern shore:
" I seiz'd the fair occasion—Ocean smil'd,
" As to the sire I bore his lisping child.
" The storm arose: with loud and sudden shock,
" The vessel sunk, disparting on a rock.
" Some mariners, amidst the billows wild,
" Scarce sav'd, in one small boat, me and my child:

" What I have borne, a captive since that day—
" (Forgive these tears)—I scarce have heart to say!
" None pitied, save one gentle Indian maid—
" A wild maid,—of her looks I was afraid—
" Her long black hair upon her shoulders fell,
" And in her hand she bore a wreathed shell."——

Lautaro for a moment turn'd aside,
And, " Oh! my sister!" with faint voice he cried.

" Already free from sorrow and alarms,
" I clasp'd in thought a husband in my arms,
" When a dark warrior, station'd on the height,
" Who held his solitary watch by night,
" Before me stood, and lifting high his lance,
" Exclaim'd, ' No further, on thy life, advance!'

" Faint, wearied, sinking to the earth with dread,
" Back to the dismal cave my steps he led.
" Only at eve, within the craggy cleft,
" Some water, and a cake of maize, were left:
" The thirteenth sun unseen went down the sky:
" When morning came, they brought me forth to die—
" But hush'd be every sigh, each boding fear,
" Since all I sought on earth, and all I love is here!"

Her infant rais'd his hands, with glist'ning eye,
To reach a large and radiant butterfly,
That flutter'd near his face; with looks of love,
And truth and tenderness, Lautaro strove
To calm her wounded heart; the holy sire,
His eyes faint-lighted with a transient fire,

Hung o'er them, and to Heav'n his prayer addrest,
While, with uplifted hands, he wept and blest.
An aged Indian came, with feathers crown'd,
And knelt before Lautaro on the ground.
" What tidings, Indian ?"———

INDIAN.

" When I led thy sire,
" Whom late thou saw'st upon his shield expire,
" Son of our Ulmen, didst thou mark no trace,
" In these sad looks, of a remember'd face ?
" Dost thou remember Izdabel ? Look, here!—
" It is THY FATHER'S hatchet and his spear."

" Friend of my infant days, how I rejoice,"
Lautaro cried, " once more to hear that voice!

" Life like a dream, since last we met, has fled—
" Oh! my beloved sister, thou art dead!"

INDIAN.

" I come to guide thee, through untrodden ways,
" To the lone valley, where thy Father's days
" Were pass'd; where every cave, and every tree,
" From morn to morn, remember'd him of thee!"

Lautaro cried, " Here, faithful Indian, stay;
" I have a last sad duty yet to pay,
" A little while we part:—Thou here remain:"
He spake, and pass'd like lightning o'er the plain.
" Ah, cease, Castilian maid!—thy vain alarms!
" See where he comes—his father in his arms!"

" Now lead," he cried.—The Indian, sad and still,
Pac'd on from wood to vale, from vale to hill;

Her infant tir'd, and hush'd awhile to rest,
Smil'd, in a dream, upon its mother's breast;
The pensive mother grey Anselmo led:
Behind, Lautaro bore his FATHER dead.

Beneath the branching palms they slept at night;
The small birds wak'd them ere the morning light.
Before their path, in distant view, appear'd
The mountain-smoke, that its dark column rear'd
O'er ANDES' summits, in the pale blue sky,
Lifting their icy pinnacles so high.
Four days they onward held their eastern way:
On the fifth rising morn before them lay
CHILLAN's lone glen, amid whose windings green,
The Warrior's lov'd and last abode was seen.
No smoke went up,—a stillness reign'd around,
Save where the waters fell with soothing sound,

Save where the Thenca sung so loud and clear,
And the bright humming-bird was spinning near.
Yet here all human tumults seem'd to cease,
And sunshine rested on the spot of peace;
The myrtles bloom'd as fragrant and as green
As if Lautaro scarce had left the scene,—
And in his ear the falling water's spray
Seem'd swelling with the sounds of yesterday.—

" Where yonder rock the aged cedars shade,
" There shall my father's bones in peace be laid."

Beneath the cedar's shade they dug the ground;
The small and sad communion gather'd round.
Beside the grave stood aged Izdabel,
And broke the spear, and cried, " Farewell!—farewell!"

Lautaro hid his face, and sigh'd "Adieu!"
As the stone hatchet in the grave he threw.
The little child, that to its mother clung,
Stretch'd out its arm, then on her garment hung,
With sidelong looks, half-shrinking, half-amaz'd,
And dropt its flow'rs, unconscious, as it gaz'd.

And now Anselmo, his pale brow inclin'd,
The honour'd relics, dust to dust, consign'd
With Christian rites, and sung, on bending knee,
"ETERNAM PACEM DONA, DOMINE."
Then rising up, he clos'd the holy book;
And lifting in the beam his lighted look,
(The cross, with meekness, folded on his breast,)—
"Here, too," he cried, "my bones in peace shall rest!
"Few years remain to me, and never more
"Shall I behold, oh Spain! thy distant shore!

" Here lay my bones, that the same tree may wave
" O'er the poor CHRISTIAN's and the INDIAN's grave.
" O may it—(when the sons of future days
" Shall hear our tale, and on the hilloc gaze,)
" O may it teach, that charity should bind,
" Where'er they roam, the brothers of mankind!
" The time shall come, when wildest tribes shall hear
" Thy voice, O CHRIST! and drop the slaught'ring spear.

" Yet, we condemn not him who bravely stood,
" To seal his country's freedom with his blood;
" And if, in after-times, a ruthless band
" Of fell invaders sweep my native land,—
" MAY SHE, BY CHILI'S STERN EXAMPLE LED,
" HURL BACK HIS THUNDER ON THE ASSAILANT'S HEAD;

"SUSTAIN'D BY FREEDOM, STRIKE TH' AVENGING BLOW,
"AND LEARN ONE VIRTUE FROM HER ANCIENT FOE!"

FINIS.

SONG OF THE CID.*

"The Cid is sitting, in martial state,
Within Valentia's wall;
And chiefs of high renown attend
The knightly festival.

"Brave Alvar Fanez, and a troop
Of gallant men, were there;
And there came Donna Ximena,
His wife and daughters fair.

"When the foot-page bent on his knee,
What tidings brought he then?
'Morocco's king is on the seas,
'With fifty thousand men.'

---

* Compare with Southey's admirable translation of the Cid.

" ' Now God be praised!' the Cid he cried,
' Let every hold be stor'd:
' Let fly the holy Gonfalon, *
' And give, " St. James," the word.'

" And now, upon the turret high,
Was heard the signal drum;
And loud the watchman blew his trump,
And cried, ' They come! they come!'

" The Cid then rais'd his sword on high,
And by God's Mother swore,
These walls, hard-gotten, he would keep,
Or bathe their base in gore.

---

* Banner, consecrated by the Pope.

" ' My wife, my daughter, what, in tears?
' Nay hang not thus your head;
' For you shall see how well we fight;
' How soldiers earn their bread.

" ' We will go out against the Moors,
' And crush them in your sight;'
And all the Christians shouted loud,
' May God defend the right!'

" He took his wife and daughter's hand,
So resolute was he,
And led them to the highest tow'r
That overlooks the sea.

" They saw how vast a pagan power
Came sailing o'er the brine;
They saw, beneath the morning light,
The Moorish crescents shine.

" These ladies then grew deadly pale,
As heart-struck with dismay;
And when they heard the tambours beat,
They turn'd their head away.

" The thronged streamers glitt'ring flew,
The sun was shining bright,
' Now cheer,' the valiant Cid he cried;
' This is a glorious sight!

" Whilst thus, with shuddering look aghast,
These fearful ladies stood,
The Cid, he rais'd his sword, and cried,
' All this is for your good.

" ' Ere fifteen days are gone and past,
' If GOD assist the right,
' Those tambours that now sound to scare,
' Shall sound for your delight.'

" The Moors who press'd beneath the towers,
Now ' ALLAH ! ALLAH !' sung ;
Each Christian knight his broad-sword drew,
And loud the trumpets rung.

" Then up, the noble Cid bespoke,
' Let each brave warrior go,
' And arm himself, in dusk of morn,
' Ere chanticleer shall crow;

" ' And in the lofty minster church,
' On Santiago call,—
' That good Bishoppe Hieronymo,*
' Shall there absolve you all.

" ' But let us prudent counsel take,
' In this eventful hour;
' For yon' proud infidels, I ween,
' They are a mighty power.'

---

* The common phraseology of the old metrical ballad.

" Then Alvar Fanez counsell'd well,
' I, noble Cid, will go,
' And ambush with three hundred men,
' Ere the first cock does crow:

" ' And when against the Moorish men
' You, Cid, lead on your powers,—
' We, dauntless, on the other side
' Will fall on them with our's.'

" This counsel pleas'd the Chieftain well:
He said, it should be so;
And the good Bishop should sing mass,
Ere the first cock did crow.

" The day is gone, the night is come;
At cock-crow all appear,
In Pedro's church to shrive themselves,
And holy mass to hear:

" On Santiago there they call'd,
To hear them and to save;
And that good Bishop, at the mass,
Great absolution gave.

" ' Fear not,' he cried, ' when thousands bleed,
' When horse on man shall roll!
' Whoever dies, I take his sins,
' And God be with his soul.

" ' A boon! a boon!' the Bishop cried,
' I have sung mass to-day;
' Let me the brunt of battle bear,
' Cid, in the bloody fray.'

" Now Alvar Fanez and his men
Had gain'd the thicket's shade;
And, with hush'd breath and anxious eye,
Had there their ambush laid.

" Four thousand men, in glitt'ring arms,
All issued from the gate;
Whilst the bold Cid, before them all,
On Baviéca sate.

" They pass'd the ambush on the left,
And march'd o'er dale and down,
Till soon they got the Moorish camp
Betwixt them and the town.

" The Cid then spurr'd his horse, and set
The battle in array.
Pero Bermudez proudly bore
His standard on that day.

" When this the Moors astonied saw,
' Allah !' began their cry:
The tambours beat, the cymbals rung,
As they would rend the sky.

" ' Banner, advance!' the Cid he cried,
And rais'd aloft his sword;
And all the host set up the shout,
' St. Mary, and our Lord!'

" That good Bishop, Hieronymo,
Bravely his battle bore;
And shouted, as he spurr'd his steed,
' For bold Campeador.'

" The Moorish and the Christian host
Now mix their dying cries,
And many a horse along the plain
Without his rider flies.

" Now sinks the crescent, now the cross,
As the fierce hosts assail;
But what against o'erwhelming might
Can valour's self avail?

" Campeador, all bath'd in blood,
Spurr'd on his horse amain,—
And 'Santiago,' cried aloud:
'For Bivar and for Spain!'

" Now Alvar Fanez, and his men,
Who crouch'd in thickets low,
Leap'd up, and, with the lightning glance,
Rush'd, shouting, on the foe.

" The Moors, who saw their pennons gay
All waving in the wind,
Fled in dismay, for still they fear'd
A greater host behind.

" The crescent falls.—' Pursue! pursue!
' Haste—spur along the plain!
' See where they sink—see where they lie,
' The fainting and the slain!'

" Of fifty thousand, who at morn
Came forth in armour bright,
Scarce fifteen thousand souls were left,
To tell the tale at night.

" My Cid then wip'd his bloody brow,
And thus was heard to say,
' Well, *Baviéca, hast thou sped,
'My noble horse! to day.'

" If thousands then escap'd the sword,
Let none the Cid condemn;
For they were swept into the sea,
And the surge went over them.

" There's many a maid of Tetuan
All day shall sit and weep,
But never see her lover's sail
Shine on the northern deep.

---

*His favorite horse.

" There's many a mother, with her babe,
Shall pace the sounding shore,
And think upon its father's smile,
Whom she shall see no more.

" Rock, hoary Ocean, mournfully,
Upon thy billowy bed;
For, dark and deep, thy surges sweep
O'er thousands of the dead."

The Missionary.

NOTES TO THE FIRST CANTO.

[1] The crysomela is a beautiful insect, of which the young women of Chili make necklaces.

[2] "Purple butterfly." The parrot butterfly, peculiar to this part of America, the largest and most brilliant of its kind.—*Papilio psittacus.*

[3] "The purple cogul threads from pine to pine." A most beautiful climbing plant. The vine is of the size of packthread: it climbs on the trees without attaching itself to them: when it reaches the top, it descends perpendicularly; and as it continues to grow, it extends itself from tree to tree, until it offers to the eye a confused tissue, exhibiting some resemblance to the rigging of a ship.—MOLINA.

[4] "In the sad notes of that mysterious bird." "But because I cannot describe all the American birds, which differ not a little from ours, not only in kind, but also in variety of colour, as rose-colour, red, violet, white, ash-colour, purple, &c.; I will at length

describe one, which the Barbarians so observe and esteem, that they will not only not hurt them, but suffer them not to escape unrevenged who do them any wrong. It is of the bigness of a pigeon, and of an ash-colour. The Tououpinambaltii hear her more often in the night than in the day, with a mournful voice; and believe that it is *sent from their friends and kindred unto them*, and also declareth good luck; and especially, that it encourageth and admonisheth them to behave themselves valiantly in the wars against their enemies. Besides, they verily think, that if they rightly observe these divinations, it shall come to pass that they should vanquish their enemies even in this life, and after death their souls should fly beyond the mountains to their ancestors, perpetually to dance there.

"I chanced once to lodge in a village, named Upec by the Frenchmen: there, in the night, I heard *those birds, not singing*, but making a lamentable noise. I saw the Barbarians most attentive, and being ignorant of the whole matter, reproved their folly. But when I smiled a little upon a Frenchman standing by me, a certain old man, severely enough, restrained me with these words: 'Hold 'your peace, lest you hinder us who attentively hearken to *the* '*happy tidings of our ancestors.* For as often as we hear these 'birds, so often also are we cheered, and our strength receiveth 'increase.'"—CALLENDER'S VOYAGE.

[5] The Ichella is a short cloak, of a greenish-blue colour, of wool, fastened before with a silver buckle.—MOLINA.

[6] "The tame Alpaca came and licked her hand." The Alpaca

is perhaps the most beautiful, gentle, and interesting, of living animals: one was to be seen in London, in 1812.

[7] "Heron's crest." *Ardea cristata.*

[8] "Aerial nymphs! that in the moonlight stray." Every warrior of Chili, according to Molina, has his attendant "nymph" or fairy—the belief of which is nearly similar to the popular and poetical idea of those beings in Europe.—Meulen is the benevolent spirit.

[9] I have taken this line from the conclusion of the celebrated speech of the old North-American warrior, Logan. "WHO IS THERE TO MOURN FOR LOGAN?—NOT ONE!"

[10] "The signal-call of war from human bones." Their pipes of war are made of the bones of their enemies, who have been sacrificed.

[11] The way in which the warriors are summoned, is something like the "running the cross" in Scotland, which is so beautifully described by Walter Scott. The scouts on this occasion bear an arrow bound with red fillets.

[12] "Thee, Ulmen of the Mountains, they command." Ulmen, is the same as Casique, or chief.

[13] "Stern Guecubu, angel of the dead." Guecubu is the Evil Spirit of the Chilians.

NOTES TO THE SECOND CANTO.

[14] He had served in the wars of Italy.

[15] Valdivia had before been in Chili.

[16] No part of the world is so subject to earthquakes as Peru.

NOTES TO THE THIRD CANTO.

[17] Of Moorish architecture.

[18] Perhaps it may not be improper to mention, that Seville was the first place in Spain in which the inquisition was established, in 1481.

NOTE TO THE FOURTH CANTO.

[19] "Almagro." The first Spaniard who visited Chili. He entered it by the dreadful passage of the snows of the Andes; but afterwards the passage was attempted through the desert of Atacama.

NOTES TO THE FIFTH CANTO.

[20] The neck of the flamingo is white, and its wings of rich and beautiful crimson.

[21] The owl is an object of peculiar dread to the Indian of Chili.

NOTES TO THE SEVENTH CANTO.

[22] It may be necessary to say here, that whenever the Spaniards founded a city, after the immediate walls of defence, their first object was to build a church, and to have, with as much pomp as possible, the ecclesiastical services performed. Hence the cathedrals founded by them, in America, were of transcendant beauty and magnificence.

[23] Almagro, who first penetrated into Chili, was afterwards strangled.

[24] Pizarro was assassinated.

[25] Rude hanging bridges, constructed by the natives.

NOTE TO THE EIGHTH CANTO.

[26] One of the most beautiful of the beautiful climbing plants of South America.

THE END.

T. DAVISON, Lombard-street,
Whitefriars, London.